

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,602



AUGUST 11, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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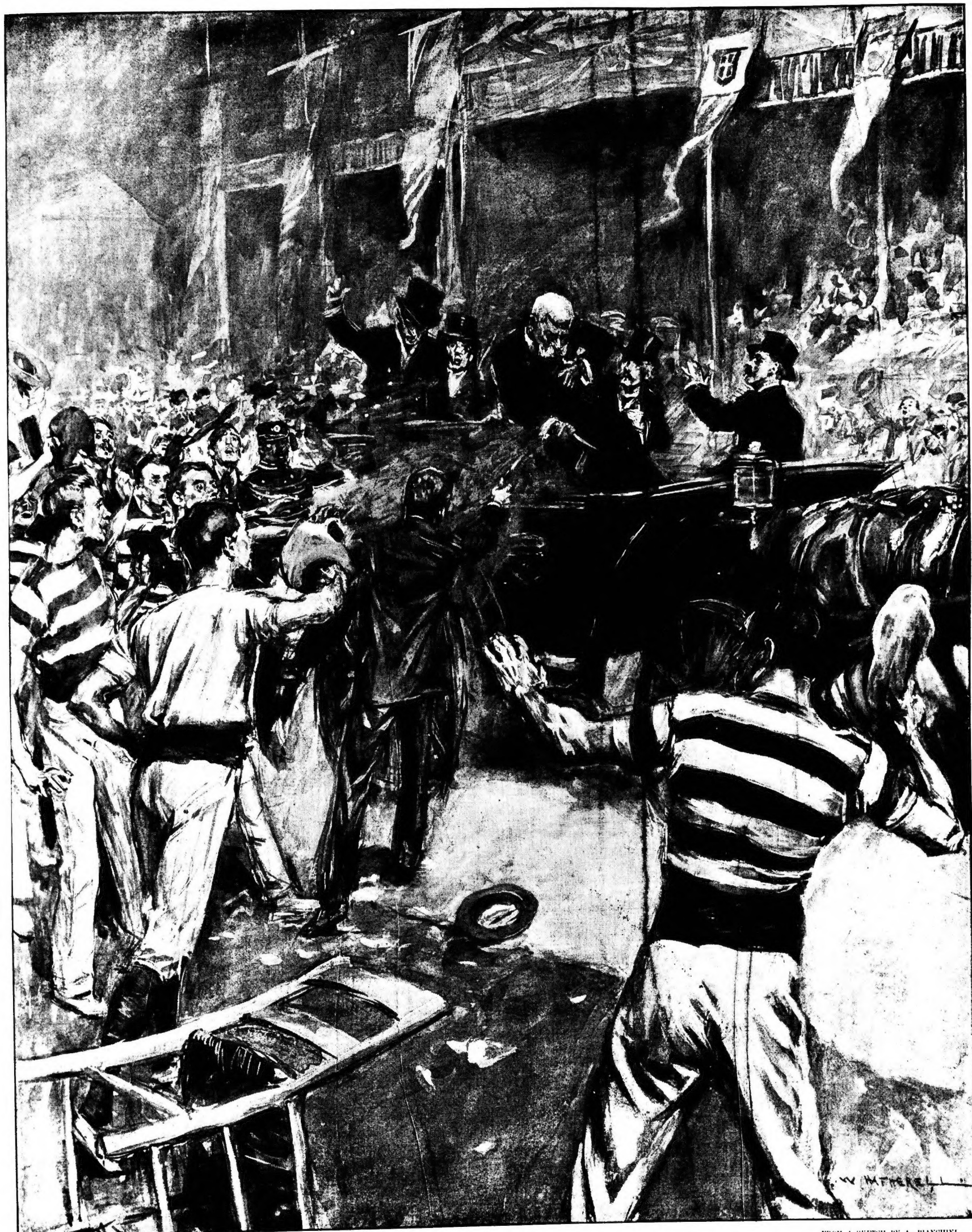
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EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS

PRICE NINEPENCE
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FROM A SKETCH BY A. BIANCHINI

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

His Majesty had accepted the invitation of the Provincial Athletic Club to be present at the distribution of prizes. After presiding at the distribution the King left the Palestra, and was just starting to return to the Royal Palace, when Bresci, who was among the crowd, took off his hat, in common with the thousands of loyal enthusiasts, and waved it in his left hand. As the King stepped into his carriage Bresci moved a

little nearer, and then quickly drew from his right trousers pocket a revolver. With deadly aim he fired three shots from it point blank at the King, who was standing up acknowledging the cheers of the people. Each shot struck His Majesty, the second piercing his heart and being the direct cause of death.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT AT MONZA

Topics of the Week

British Policy in China

PARLIAMENT has not allowed itself to disperse for the holidays without extracting from the Government some statement of its policy in the Far East. When the late Prince Lobanoff was sent for by the Tsar to receive the offer of the post vacated by the death of M. de Giers, he was asked to give His Imperial Master a summary of the policy he proposed to pursue. "Laissez-moi faire," replied the self-confident statesman. "Votre Majesté sera content." Had Mr. Brodrick assumed this fatherly air to the House of Commons the other day he would probably have provoked the retort that there had been enough *laissez-faire* already. On the other hand, the situation is far too delicate and critical to admit of a very specific pronouncement on questions which may be the subject of international differences later on. For the moment it is all-important to keep the harmony of the Powers undisturbed, and to that imperious necessity Mr. Brodrick had to make a certain sacrifice. Nevertheless, he succeeded in conveying to the House and the country a very clear idea of the spirit in which the Government is studying the crisis, an idea which has sensibly reassured those who were disposed to be alarmist. In the first place, Mr. Brodrick impressed on the House that the Government had no intention of abdicating the leading position acquired by Great Britain in the Far East through her past history in that region and through the immense interests she has acquired there. England will insist on making her voice heard in tones befitting her traditions and her interests. This, of course, may mean much or little, according to the specific points on which this country intends to raise its voice. One of these points, apparently, is that there shall be no partitioning of China; another is that, so far as may be possible, steps shall be taken to provide China with a strong Chinese Government. In a word, Great Britain recognises the principle of China for the Chinese. It is to be hoped that this pronouncement has been communicated to public men in China, for it can only tend to soften the elements of trouble in that country. How far we may be able to realise these broad lines of our policy must depend very largely on the Chinese themselves, for if they show that their cohesion is a sham and that their capacity for self-government on civilised lines is leaving them, no external influence can save them from dismemberment and subjection. On one point Mr. Brodrick spoke with a definiteness which was conspicuously absent from the rest of his speech. Whatever may happen in China, this country does not intend that the great Yangtse region, which she has ear-marked as her special sphere of interest, shall be imperilled. We intend, as far as possible, to preserve the peace of that region, and to defend its great outlet at Shanghai, and this we intend to do alone, without soliciting or—we assume—permitting the assistance of any other Power. That these were not empty words has since been shown by the mission of Admiral Seymour to Nanking, and by the mobilisation of two more brigades in India wherewith to garrison Shanghai. The uncompromising position taken up by the Government on this point has given general satisfaction. It is not only a guarantee that the essential interests of this country will be defended with spirit and energy, but it is an earnest of more robustness in our Far Eastern policy generally.

The Naval Manœuvres

ALTHOUGH not so showy or so ambitious as their predecessors, the naval manœuvres which have just come to an end furnished more valuable teaching of a practical sort than any which previously took place. It is now clearly demonstrated, for one thing, that wireless telegraphy promises to become a most valuable adjunct for fleets at sea. Although only furnished with a makeshift equipment, the *Blake* managed to supply Admiral Rawson with highly important information from a distance of over twenty miles. Nor was this all the gain. On one occasion the "A" Fleet obtained knowledge of the approach of hostile vessels by

the agitation of the wireless apparatus on board the *Majestic*. It may be assumed, therefore, that by the time the next manœuvres take place every British battleship will be supplied with this new means of signalling in more perfect form. Of even more importance, perhaps, is the gain of knowledge about coaling at sea. The hired colliers taken up by the Admiralty are, as a rule, woefully deficient in speed, being only equal to a maximum of nine or ten knots per hour. If, then, these slow-going steamers were in attendance on a fleet steaming full power in pursuit of a flying enemy, it is very certain that the colliers would be lost sight of in a few hours. Yet another lesson is that every endeavour should be made to associate warships of equal speed; the "A" Fleet had to shed off three or four fine vessels because they could not keep pace with the rest of the command. In real warfare this diminution of fighting strength might have entailed very grave consequences.

Anarchism Rampant

THE assassination of King Humbert, swiftly followed by the attempt on the life of the Shah, once more challenges civilisation to protect itself, if it can, against militant Anarchism. In the previous case of the villainous effort directed against the Prince of Wales, the result was such a mockery of justice as to encourage the murder society to renew its endeavours. The question is, therefore, whether European Society shall submit to a form of tyranny more hateful in its nature than the most odious despotism of monarchical origin. It is such a simple matter that babes and sucklings can comprehend its more salient aspects. Communities of human beings consider it essential, for their own wellbeing, to appoint chief magistrates called by various titles. These leaders are endowed with certain prerogatives to enable them to discharge their appointed duties within the four corners of their respective mandates, the common object being the safeguarding of life and property. But Anarchism decrees that as the performance of that commission hinders the development of mankind both socially, politically and morally, Emperors, Kings and Presidents must be killed as the first step towards the reconstruction of human society on improved lines. The murderers always protest that they were quite free from personal animosity against the murdered; they are done away with solely as a prominent part of objectionable machinery. This being, then, the irreconcilable attitude of Anarchism, the sensible course for Society would be to place under restraint all who, by professing such insane tenets, convict themselves of lunacy. It should not be permissible for any murder organisation to beat for recruits, whether openly or secretly, among the witless.

The Work of the Session

THE past Session of 1900, which closed on Wednesday last, is not likely to be remembered with much enthusiasm by any of the persons who have played a part in it. The interest of the country has throughout the Session lain outside the House of Commons, and, except for the occasional debates upon the war, the man-in-the-street has not troubled to ask what Parliament was doing. If he had taken that trouble he would not have been able to obtain a very clear answer. The legislative programme of the Government has been purposely meagre. A Conservative Government does not profess to have the same zeal for reform through legislation that Radical Ministries affect, and probably a good many members of the Cabinet were not entirely displeased to find that wars abroad dispensed them from the necessity of seriously dealing with questions of domestic importance which are ripe for legislation. The few questions they have touched interest the public in a vague, general manner, but cease to be comprehensible as soon as the details are reached. Among these may be mentioned the Companies Bill, which has now become an Act. Everyone is indignant that it should be so easy for fraudulent promoters to fleece the public, but very few people understand how difficult it is to draft an Act which will make these frauds impossible. The Act which has been passed is certainly an improvement upon the existing law, but is not likely to lead to the prompt disappearance of the fraudulent promoter. The Money Lenders Act is a measure of somewhat the same character. It is the outcome of the committee on money lending over which Mr. G. W. Russell presided, and has been drafted with very great care. The best gauge of its possible efficiency may be found in the alarm with which it is regarded by the money lenders. Among other measures passed during the Session is a small Bill for amending in certain particulars the Agricultural Holdings Act, and several measures for affecting minor reforms in Ireland. For the rest the Session has been spent in the rather aimless discussion, and re-discussion of the causes of the war, and latterly in one or two debates on the very practical question of the treatment of the sick and wounded in South Africa. Much more might have been done in the House of Commons if the Liberal Party had possessed an efficient Leader, but when one Party in the House is virtually without a Leader the whole House suffers from a lack of interest and of the vitalising excitement that Party warfare brings. Till the Liberals get a real live man for Leader politics must be dull, and it is not easy to see where that real live man is to come from.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN COTTELL

By J. ASHBV-STERRY

THE other day I was not a little amused in meeting a clever fellow of seventeen who was an enthusiastic admirer of the literature of the Sixties, which he considered universally superior to what he was pleased to call "the rot of the present day." He was enthusiastic with regard to Dickens and Thackeray, delighted with Tennyson—though he considered him "a bit occasionally" (Is not this the failing of all poets, great and small, and he was charmed with Wilkie Collins. Of other writers of the period he gave me refreshing and outspoken criticism. I was glad to mention Thomas Carlyle, and I saw my young friend's tenance fall. He informed me that "he had had a shot, in several shots," at "Sartor Resartus," but had not succeeded in getting through it yet. Probably it is not always the youthful experience this difficulty. I recollect one evening being in a small and exclusive club, where a little knot of us were gossiping by night, and the conversation turned on Carlyle's works. Various phases of thought, feeling, and condition were represented in the little coterie. There was a notable Duke, a leading barrister, a celebrated painter, a famous traveller, a well-known Colonel in the Guards, a couple of popular authors, and an accomplished pianist, and they all freely admitted they had never been able to get through "Sartor Resartus." The traveller said he had tried it for a week, but had not succeeded. I told this anecdote to my young friend, but it did not in the least abate his energy, and I left him with a fixed determination to once more "tackle old Tom."

"What a shame! Why can't you let the boy alone, and deliver your own letters punctually?" Thus says *Mr. Punch* in *Mr. Linley Sambourne's* recent excellent cartoon anent the proposed interference of the Post Office with the District Messengers Company. This concisely expresses the view of all sensible people on this question. Most assuredly the Post Office has quite enough on its hands just now without undertaking another department, which, under its present management, is especially notable for its activity and punctuality. Surely the Post Office should make its own service perfect before undertaking a new department to which it is unaccustomed. The new installation at Mount Pleasant was not such a brilliant success as to make us anxious that the District Messengers Company should be handed over to the authorities at Saint Martin's-le-Grand. By the way, I should very much like to be informed with regard to late posting. It was said the late posting with the extra halfpenny fee was to be abolished altogether. But still I see the original notice on my especial pillar-box. Also I find letters with the extra halfpenny do not appear to fare any better than those without. I should like all these matters to be explained in order that I may thoroughly appreciate the subtle humour of the Postmaster-General's little joke.

The increase of hooded motor-cars in the London streets is a matter that should have the earnest attention of the authorities. Everyone knows the horse driven tilted waggon is a terrible nuisance amid the vehicular traffic, inasmuch as its driver is something like a horse with blinkers, and can see little else than straight ahead of him. Now, with a motor-car, more than anything else, it is necessary that a driver should have a fair view of everything; he should be able to see in front of him, behind him, and all around him. Indeed, he should almost occupy the position of the captain of a steamer on the paddle-box. Unless the driver of a motor-car can keep a clear look out in all directions his driving is accompanied by no small amount of danger. If it is absolutely necessary that he should have a roof to his vehicle, his seat should be on top of it.

The new line from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank has been successfully inaugurated by the general public, has been in great request day long, and people are beginning to wonder what will happen to the omnibuses. When the Metropolitan was first opened it was prophesied that the 'buses would soon give up altogether, where these vehicles, instead of being suppressed, have increased and multiplied to an enormous extent. I imagine, therefore, that we shall see but little diminution in the number of 'buses plying between Shepherd's Bush and the Bank. In former times travelling by the Metropolitan used to be colloquially termed "Sixpennyworth of Sewer," just as the new railway is denominated the "Twopenny Tube." No doubt the latter will be extensively used by those who are in a hurry and wish to reach a special place at a particular time, but there are plenty of people who take an intense pleasure in the journey itself—just as the old travellers in stage coaches did—and these, I fancy, will stick to the omnibuses just as much as they did before. The result of the opening of the new line will probably prevent the overcrowding of omnibuses, the fighting for places that has been so customary in recent times, and will probably lead to more comfort and regularity in the service. Otherwise I am inclined to think we shall see very little difference in the 'buses running along this line of country.

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London Bridge ..	9 40	10 58	..	11 35	..	1 50	..	4 05	..	5 05
Portsmouth .. arr.	12 5	12 55	1 41	2 16	3 50	4 22	5 55	6 39	6 58	7 37
Ryde ..	12 50	1 40	2 20	3 0	4 30	5 10	6 35	7 25	7 59	8 30
Southdown ..	1 40	..	2 45	3 38	4 57	5 45	6 55	8 19	8 19	9 24
Southsea ..	1 40	..	2 50	3 45	5 4	5 50	7 0	8 25	8 25	9 30
Netley ..	2 0	..	3 5	3 36	5 15	6 0	7 10	8 37	8 37	9 40
Wentworth ..	1 25	..	3 17	3 35	6 0	6 0	7 54	9 5	9 5	..
Newport	2 55	3 55	6 15	6 15	7 32	8 35	8 35	..
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	a.m.	11.30	1.30	3.30	5.30	7.30	9.30	11.30	1.30	3.30	a.m.	p.m.
Leeds ..	6 15	10 30	..	12 30	2 10	4 10	6 10	8 10	10 10	12 10
Bradford ..	7 22	12 30	..	12 30	3 40	5 11	7 11	9 11	11 34
Manchester ..	7 35	12 32	..	1 11	4 37	6 11	8 11	10 11	12 30	11 34
Nottingham ..	8 55	1 35	..	1 50	4 52	..	12 10	1 15	12 44	1 15
Chesterfield ..	8 45	12 44	..	2 19	5 40	..	12 45	..	12 25	12 25
Sheffield ..	10 20	10 35	1 55	2 50	..	6 33	..	1 10	2 20	1 10	2 20	..
Leeds ..	10 10	10 38	1 55	2 50	..	6 3	..	1 15	..	1 15	1 15	..
Bradford ..	9 35	10 1	1 45	2 20	..	5 45	..	12 55	..	12 55	12 55	..
Manchester ..	9 35	9 55	1 35	2 20	..	5 13	..	12 45	..	12 45	12 45	..
Liverpool ..	1 5	1 15	4 50	5 40	6 50	8 55	4 15	4 25	4 45	4 10	4 45	..
Carlisle	4 0	7 52	..	11 31	..	7 28	7 45	..	7 28	..
Ayr	12 15	..	7 15	7 35	..	7 35	..
GLAS. (St. Enoch)	12 18	..	8 17	8 17	..	8 17	..
Greenock
EDINB. (Wav.) ..	3 55	8 21	9 28	11 29	6 54	6 58	..	6 43	..
Oban	4 45	4 45	..	11A55	2A 5	..	11 55	..
Fort William	12A41	5A38	..	12 41	..
Perth ..	6 20	10 32	10 32	..	8C55	8C55	..	8 55	..
Dundee ..	6 15	10 51	10 51	..	8C55	8C55	..	8 55	..
Aberdeen ..	8 40	12 50	12 50	..	10C50	10C50	..	10 50	..
Inverness ..	13D30	5A10	5A10	..	1E50	1E50	..	1 50	..
Stranraer (for Belfast)	5 30	8 7

A—No connection on Sundays. B—On Saturdays Passengers arrive Greenock at 6.0 p.m. C—On Sundays Passengers arrive later. D—This time will apply until August 19th inclusive only. E—Arrives 1.30 p.m. on Sundays. F—Passengers from Leicester arrive Carlisle at 4.15 a.m.

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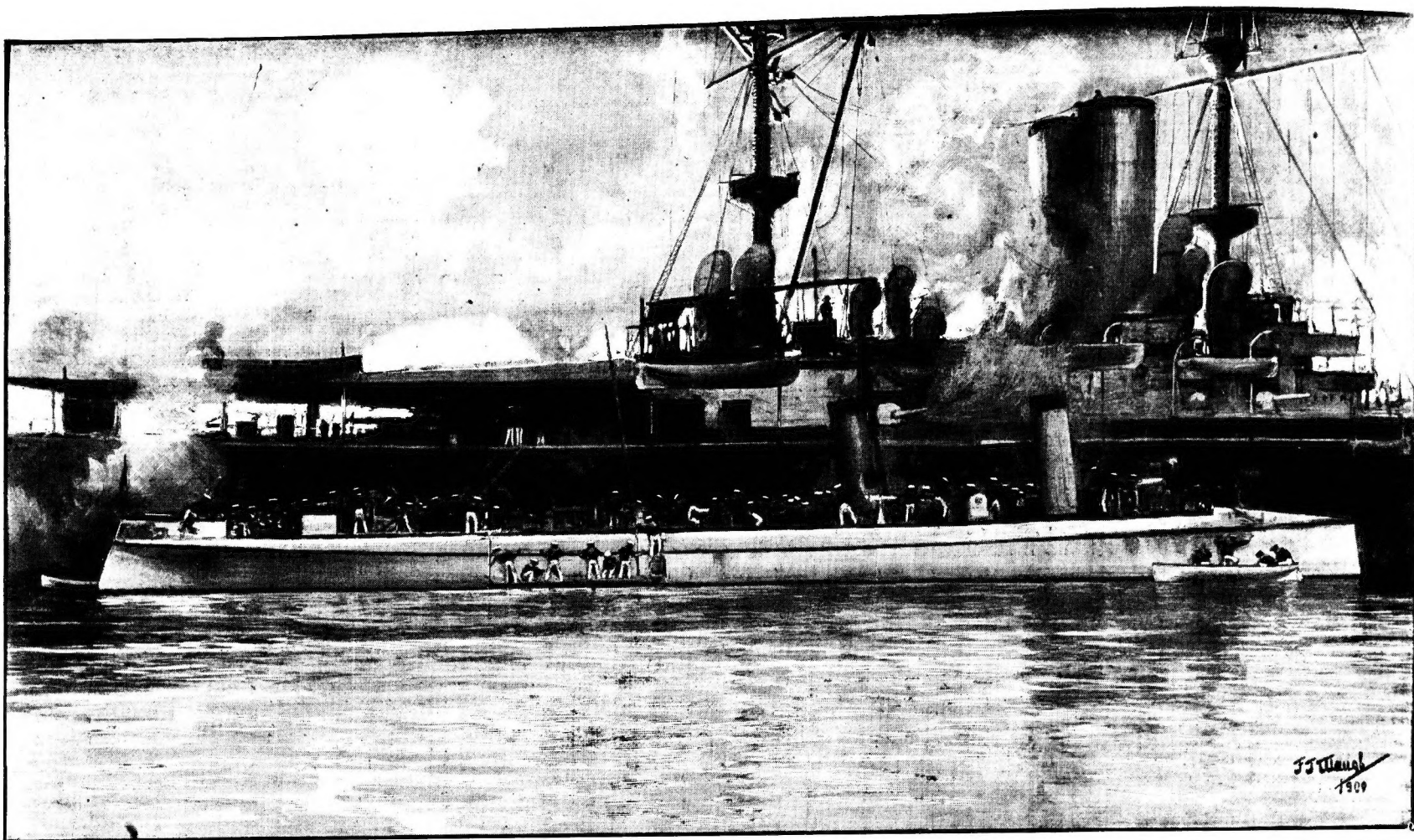
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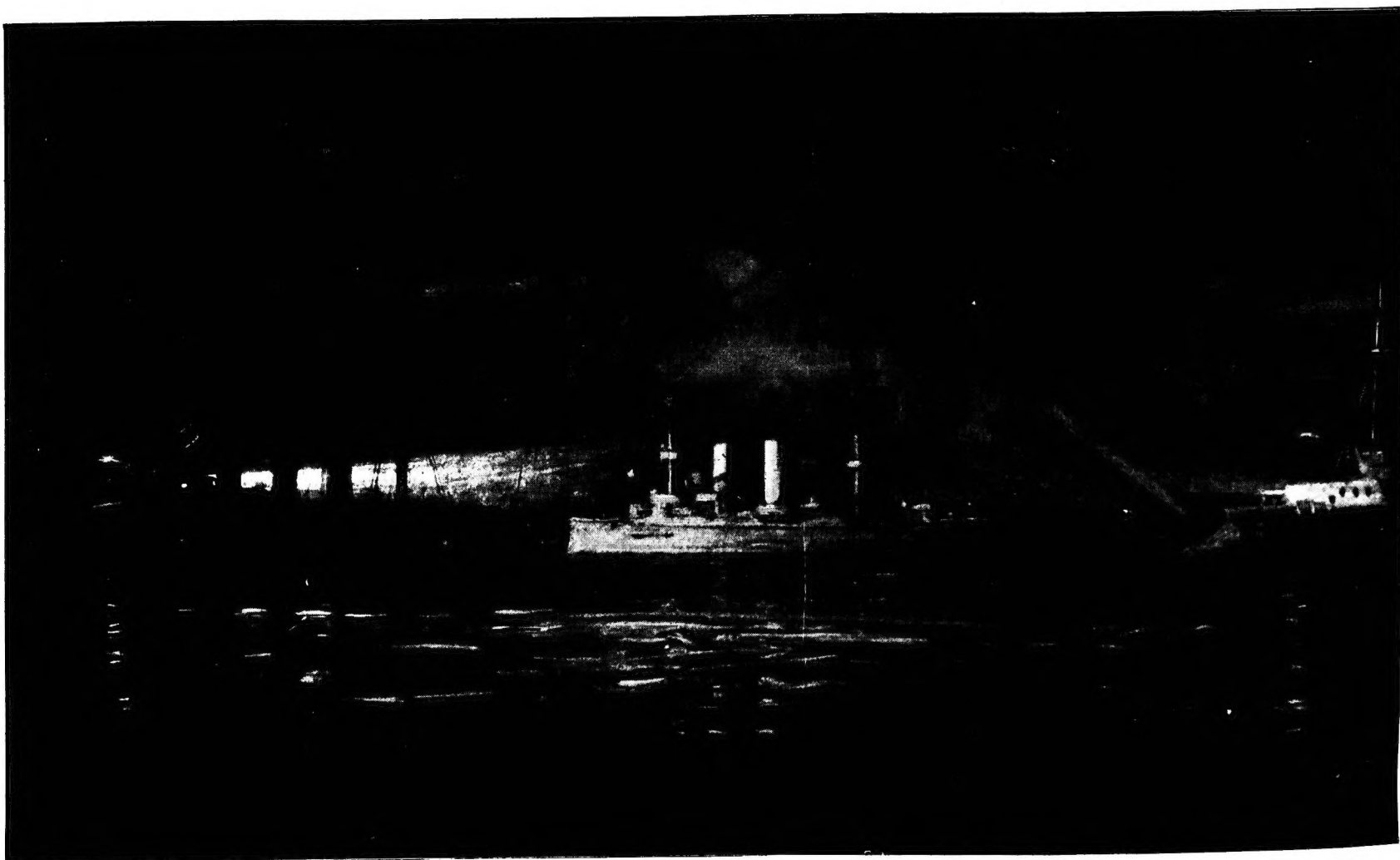
DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER

During the action in the Peiho River, when the Taku Forts were captured, four Chinese torpedo-boat destroyers lying alongside the Chinese torpedo depôt were boarded and captured by the officers and men of the British destroyers *Fame* and *Whiting*. Two of these destroyers are now manned by British crews, one by Germans and one by French. Our illustration shows one of them lying alongside H.M.S.

Centurion and being got ready for service. Her engines were in a very bad state, and her boiler tubes were full of mud, as the Chinese crew had used river water to fill the boilers with, and the Peiho is very muddy. This destroyer has now been renamed "H.M.S. *Taku*"

"H.M.S. 'TAKU'": A CHINESE DESTROYER CAPTURED ON THE PEIHO RIVER LYING ALONGSIDE H.M.S. "CENTURION"



DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER

The Chinese cruiser in the distance was not allowed to move under penalty of being sunk. The Russian and German ships looked after her at night in turn, bringing their searchlights to bear on her every ten

minutes to make sure she was not attempting to escape. The two German cruisers are the *Hansa* and the *Hertha*.

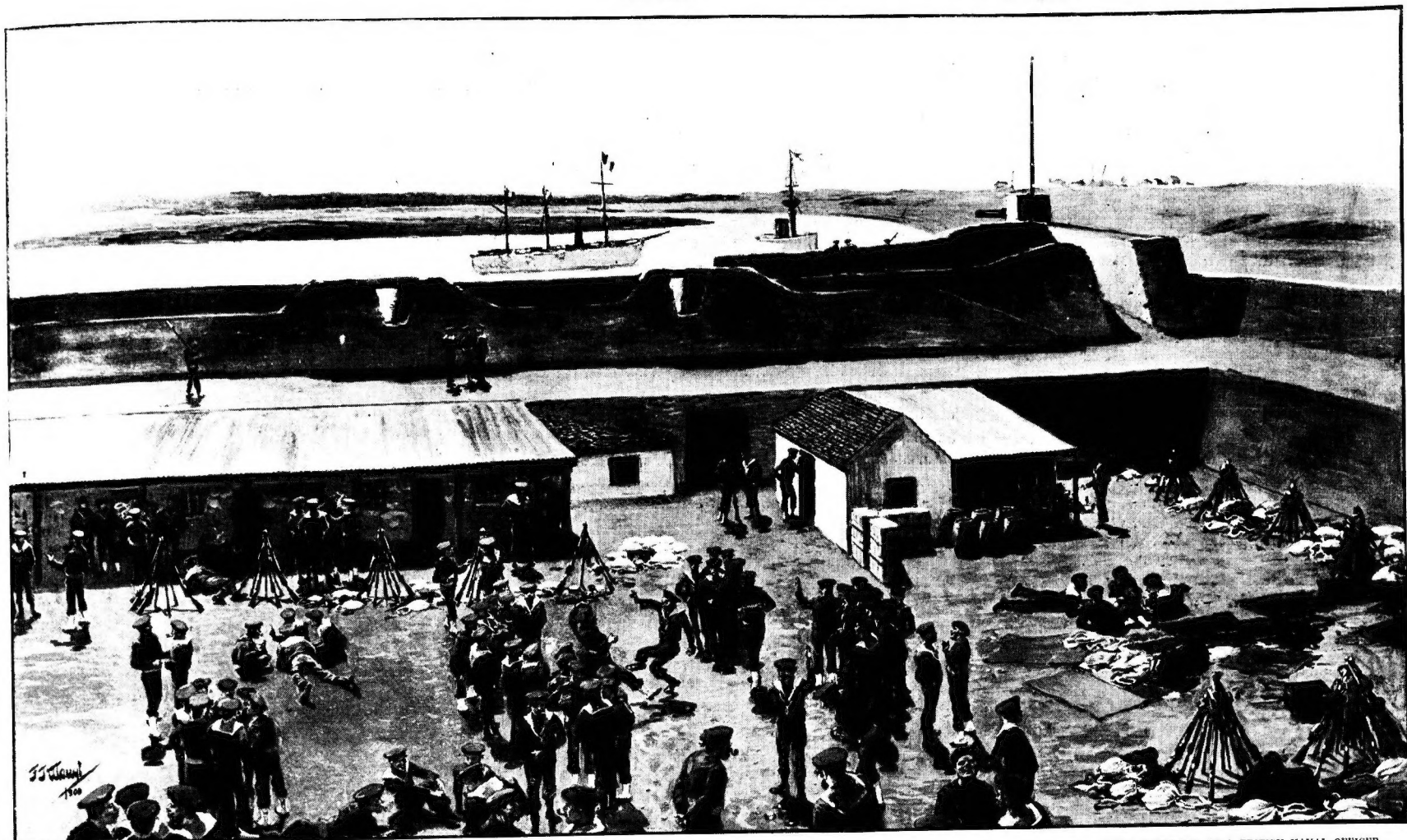
NOT ALLOWED TO MOVE: A CHINESE CRUISER BEING WATCHED AT NIGHT BY GERMAN WARSHIPS

French Gunboat
Lion

Bend of river where
Algerine commenced
the attack

Russian Gunboat
Koreyety

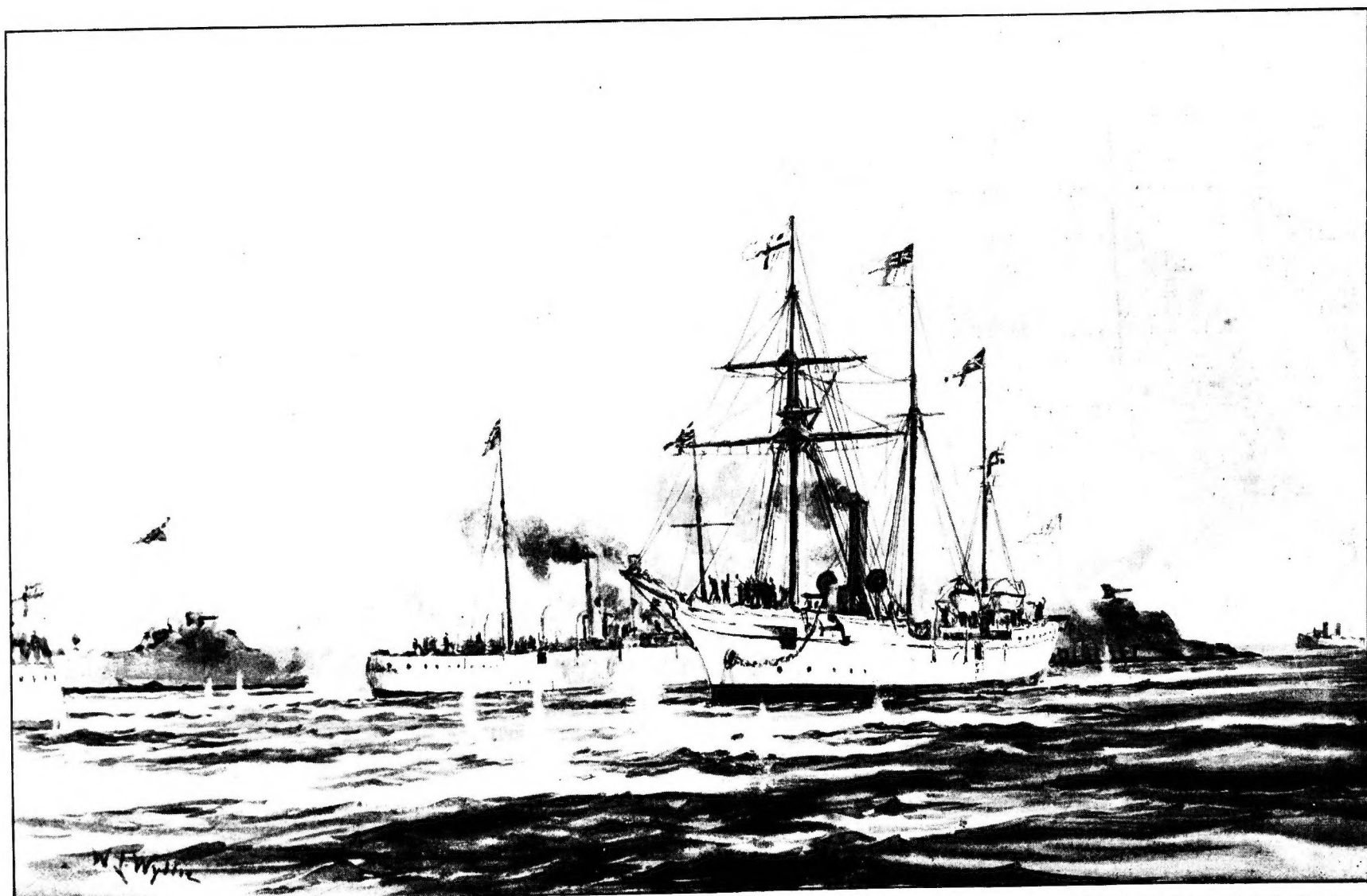
12-centimetre Krupp.
Flagstaff with 4 shots
through it



DRAWN BY F. J. WAUGH

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER

AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT AT TAKU: THE NORTH WEST FORT HELD BY ENGLISH AND ITALIAN SAILORS



DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER

After the North West Fort was taken the *Algerine* moved down the river and reduced the North Fort. The German despatch vessel *Iltis* came down after her and passed inside, drawing the enemy's fire. While doing so she suffered severely. Her after-funnel was riddled and her bridge shattered by a shell, which

severely wounded her commander and destroyed two Maxims. The *Algerine* cheered her as she passed. The German Emperor, it will be remembered, promptly decorated the captain of the *Iltis* for his gallant conduct

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE": THE "ALGERINE" CHEERING THE "ILTIS" DURING THE TAKU BOMBARDMENT

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

ALL hearts mourn in sympathy with the widowed Queen Margherita. To lose a beloved husband by the hand of an assassin is terrible under any circumstances, but the loneliness of a crowned head adds to the misery. The Queen of Italy, the pearl of Savoy, the idol of the Italian people, speaks of herself, indeed, as "Margherita, poorest of women," in a most touching telegram sent to the Archbishop of Naples. In losing her husband, the King, she has not only lost a brave, honest and loyal gentleman, but her all—her King, her protector and her friend—one who, as she phrases it, "loved Rome more than himself, and always desired to see it grand and happy." For his wife he had the greatest regard and affection, he lavished presents of all kinds upon her, and denied her nothing. Her famous pearls, which she loved and which were entirely her own, in contradistinction to the State jewels she cared nothing for, were given her by him on her birthdays. His thoughtfulness and gentleness towards her was well known in the Palace, and betrayed itself by such simple traits as this: when ordering himself to be called, summer and winter, at six o'clock, the command was accompanied by a strict injunction on no account to awaken the Queen!

Though King Humbert cared little for the arts, books and literature, he always gave a free hand to his Queen in her artistic tastes. Every distinguished man in science or letters was graciously welcomed in the Palace. All the new books and music, the poets and the artists received sympathy and appreciation, while to the English special favour was shown. The Queen loved mountaineering like her unfortunate contemporary, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and on these expeditions preferred to wear the picturesque Italian peasant's dress. Only the other day a contemporary mentioned the prayer she composed after the death of a guide lost in a sudden snowstorm at her favourite resort at Gressvney. It is beautiful enough to be quoted here. "O Virgin, Mother of God, whom the fearless mountaineer invokes as Madonna of the eternal snows, or Lady of the lofty hills, turn thy glance towards the white distances, which seem the hem of thy pure veil, so white and immaculate are they! Mitigate the horrors of the way to those who must pass the glaciers, guide them through the dangers, and if one fails, receive him, when passing upwards to his God, in thy pious arms. Make under him the cold sheet sweet and warm, and lift his soul, that sudden leaves this earth, quickly to the throne of God. Collect all the good actions of his life, recover all his heart's most generous thoughts, and spread them as fragrant flowers before the throne of God, that, when his soul arrives in Christ's presence, it may be received with infinite pity, and in the light which gilds the hills, emanation of the divine and Eternal, be surrounded with thy glorious peace for ever." This prayer might have been composed for the Queen's illustrious husband.

The late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose sudden death has aroused universal sympathy, was a most earnest and skilful musician. To him and the Princess Louise may be ascribed much of the vogue that Wagner music has received in high Society. He was never weary of hearing and performing in the various amateur societies which have done so much to increase the intelligent study of music. Anyone who remembers what the standard of amateur playing of forty years ago was like will easily understand the enormous strides music, as practised in the family circle and the amateur concert, has made since then. Good music has become fashionable, and consequently popular.

We have all in our childhood enjoyed a nap in a hayfield; some of us may even have learnt to appreciate a bed of heather, the universal couch of the sturdy Highlander and his guest in times gone by. The sweet scent and delicious restfulness of this flowery place of repose has now been emulated by the vegetarians, for whom Sir Isaac Pitman has invented a bed of moss, ferns, flowers and hay, which is said to diffuse a delightful perfume and induce deep and dreamless slumber. In view of the hard and lumpy mattresses which are the mainstay of the average Briton, we should hail this new bed joyfully. It is probably as cheap as it is ideal.

The Goodwood week was somewhat marred by the absence of Royalty and the rainy weather. We have so long enjoyed blue skies and uninterrupted sunshine that we almost resent any check to our enjoyment. Yet the costumes were as lovely as usual, the dresses as diaphanous and filmy as ever, while tintured with visions of Cowes and the yachting season. Nothing for these purposes has, up to the present, been found to compare in utility and beauty with serge, serge of all colours, but especially blue. It bears the inclemency of the weather, the showers and sunshine, the cold and the heat, with an unvarying equanimity eminently satisfactory. But frieze—Irish frieze—and Welsh woollen stuffs this year run it close in their varied and beautiful colourings of green, russet and mauve. With the short bolero, the lace collar and the dainty chemisette, as pretty and workmanlike a costume as possible may be devised. In fact, some girls never look so attractive as in their neat serge garments.

This summer has seen many innovations in dress, notably the straw hats and light suits of the *élite* of Society worn in London, the donning of straw hats by coachmen in the full discharge of their duties, and the quaint straw headgear of the horses. Unfortunately people usually wait until they have suffered considerably before availing themselves of these privileges.

One innovation was specially remarked upon at Lady Randolph Churchill's wedding—the subscription tiara. Usually people prefer to give their presents severally; indeed all cannot afford the same sum, but on this occasion the majority of her friends combined together, and the result produced was an exceptionally sumptuous piece of jewellery. Will her example be copied by future brides, and the young ladies receive only subscription presents like those presented by the mess to a brother officer? There is much to be said both for and against the practice.

Improvements at Covent Garden

IMMEDIATELY after the opera season closed, Covent Garden was handed over to the workmen, and is now a very different place to the handsome playhouse of a week or two ago. As a matter of fact, the Syndicate have resolved to completely reconstruct the stage, and to make important alterations in the auditorium itself. At first it was supposed that this could be done for 15,000*l.*, but it is now likely to cost 5,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* more.

As far as the auditorium is concerned the appearance of the opera house will be completely changed and greatly improved by cutting off the whole of the proscenium stage, that is to say, the portion which has hitherto jutted out from the picture frame. It has been found in practice that this portion of the proscenium is of no use whatever, while as the footlights are thus placed so far away from the artists, all facial expression is lost. The row of footlights will accordingly be now placed right across the picture frame, and the two "proscenium" private boxes, namely, that which has since the late Mr. Montague's death been occupied by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild and his *vis-à-vis*, will now be in the theatre itself. Beneath these boxes two large entrances and exits will be provided, so that the ordinary stall entrances at the sides which have been in use (and have let in the draughts) for a large number of years will now be abandoned. Thus the holders of the pit tier boxes will be in greater privacy than before, for hitherto the whole of the stall holders have had to pass their box doors. Now the holders of stall

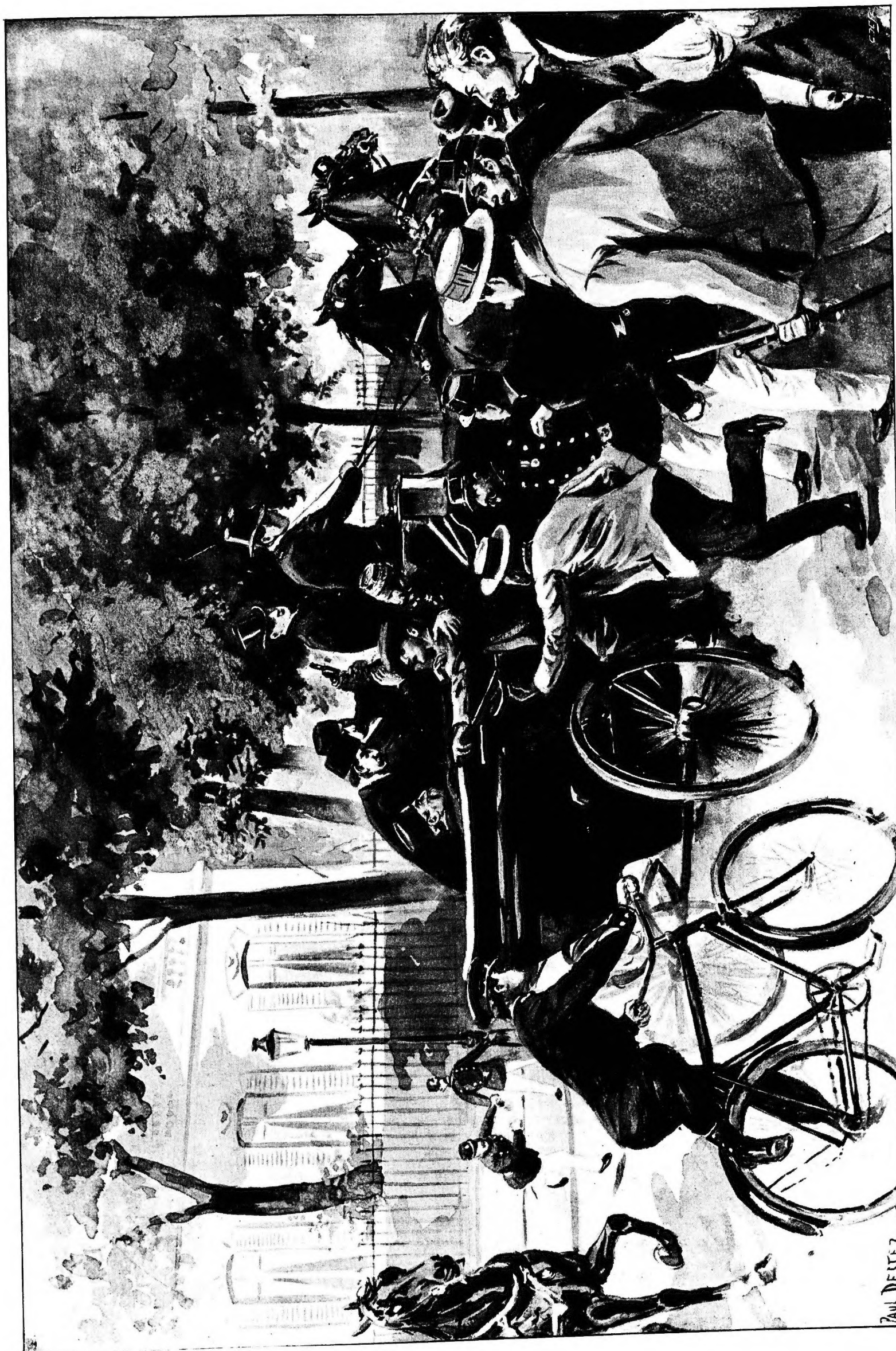
tickets will come in and out through a passage under the stage. These alterations will allow of forty-two extra stalls, and pit tier boxes, making a difference of something like 55*l.* to the theatre receipts. Also the whole of the electric lighting in the auditorium will be altered, so that the lamps are turned up and down like ordinary gas. The whole installation will be cleared away, including the gigantic smoking-room for the Prince of Wales will be among the improvements, and a new asbestos curtain will divide the stage from the rest of the house.

On the stage the alterations take the form of a complete reconstruction. Indeed only the three bare walls will in a new left. The stage itself, with its wilderness of struts and supports, "demon" and other traps, and its archaic arrangements for scenery up and down will be cleared away. Instead there will be a new stage completely flat, while the greater portion of the it will be occupied by a movable platform in four separate parts, that, instead of using trestles and pulleys and ladders, the artists, *Rheingold*, who have to mount to the higher regions of the stage, Juliet at her balcony, or Manrico on the castle battlements, raised or lowered on a table instantaneously moved by electricity. The whole of the scenery will also be moved by electric motor, the scenes themselves will be balanced by weights, in very the same way as an ordinary electric elevator now is. Also the light "switchboard," which is at present under ground, so that men working it cannot see the scenery at all, will be brought to the stage level, while old scenery, which is now dropping in pieces from age, will be done away with.



Walking dress in covert-coating. Close-fitting skirt flowing out from pleats at the hem, and trimmed with three bands of fancy silk stitched with white. Similar trimming appears on the coat, which is cut out in tabs in front. Sailor hat of Italian straw, trimmed with a high twisted white silk muslin and a feather.

A TAILOR-MADE COSTUME



bicycle, jumped on to the step of the carriage. He pointed a five-chambered revolver at the Shah, but before he could fire, General Larent, the French officer in attendance, struck aside the weapon, and the man was immediately arrested

the working carpenters in Paris, concealed himself between some vehicles standing near the entrance to the Palais, and as the Shah entered his carriage, dashed forward, and knocking over a policeman who was preparing to accompany the Persian Sovereign's equipage on a

An attempt on the life of the Shah was made last week in Paris. The affair occurred just outside the Palais des Souverains, in the Champs Elysees, where the Shah was staying. A man named François Salson, who wore the wide trousers, belt, and coat which characterise

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE SHAH IN PARIS

DRAWN BY PAUL DESTETZ



Whenever opportunity offers, and both the necessary time and the still more necessary water are available, the luxury of washing clothes is extensively indulged in. Practical experience has proved that empty biscuit tins make excellent wash tubs. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood

WASHING DAY AT THE FRONT



A dummy gun was constructed and mounted on cart wheels by the Royal Garrison Artillery near Jonomo's Kop. It consisted of a beam of wood with a funnel of thin iron at the end. The gunners chalked the name of the gun on the beam as shown. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant E. Blake Knox, R.A.M.C.

DRAWING THE ENEMY'S FIRE: A CLEVER DECOY

The Bombardment of the Taku Forts

THE bombardment of the Taku forts, considered necessary in consequence of the threatening attitude of the Chinese, was determined upon on Saturday, June 16. A demand was made that the forts should be surrendered by 2 a.m. the following morning, in default of which action would be taken. The foreign gunboats took up their position in the river, and on Saturday afternoon all available men were landed from the fleets lying outside to act as a storming party. This party was landed at Tong-ku Railway Station, where they were to remain until the forts had been sufficiently reduced by the fire from the gunboats to enable them to be taken by storm. At ten minutes to one on Sunday morning the Chinese took the initiative and opened fire on the gunboats, which immediately replied, and the engagement became general. The *Illis*, German gunboat, which was at first lying off Tong-ku Railway Station, suffered severely from the fire of the inner fort, but she shortly afterwards moved down the river and took up a position near the *Algerine*, and they together engaged the fort, which they silenced after two hours' hard fighting.

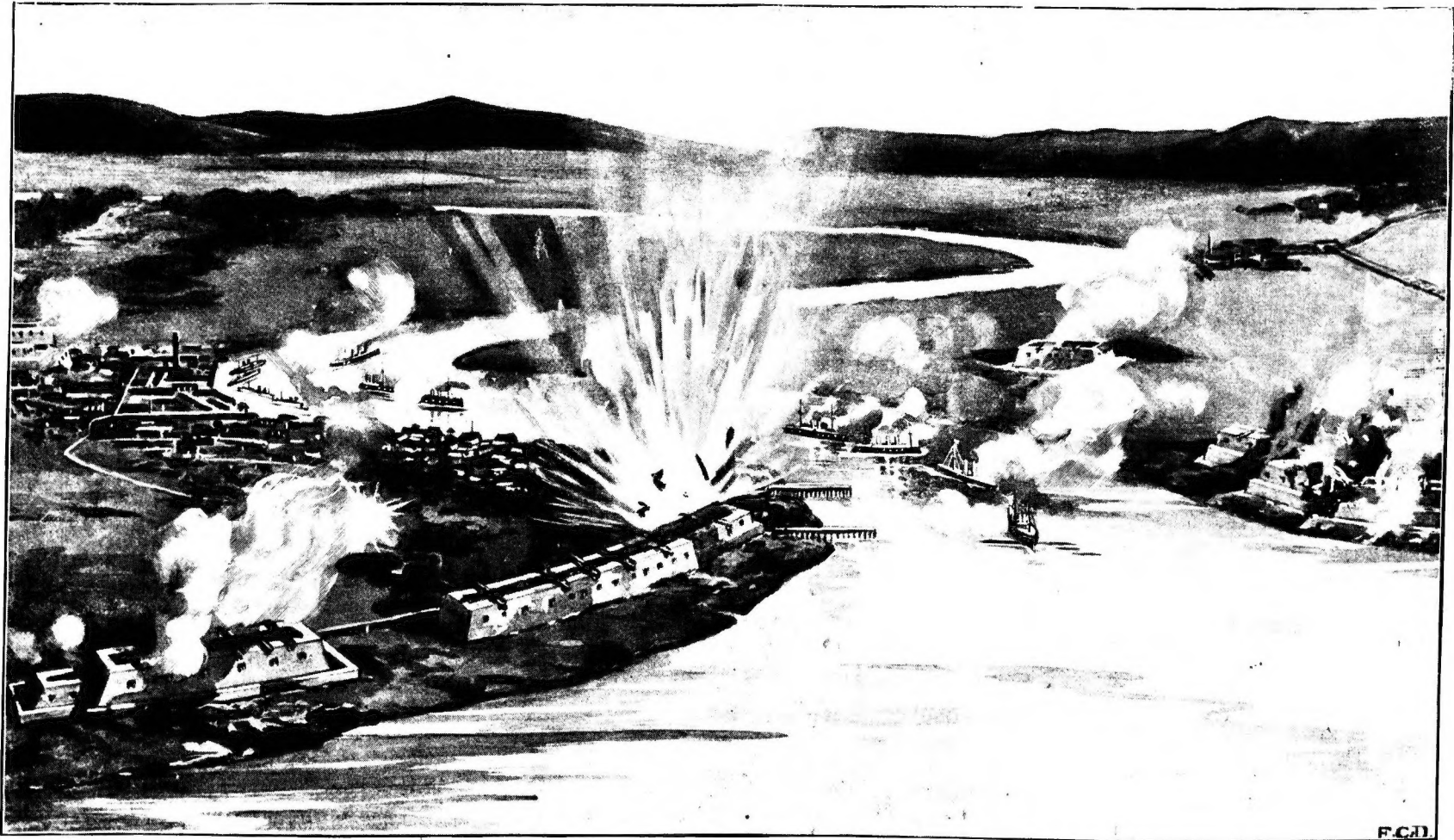
Word was then sent to the landing parties to assault, and shortly afterwards the inner north fort was in their possession, with but slight resistance on the part of its garrison. The gunboats then turned their attention to the north fort, but after several rounds had been fired without eliciting any reply it was conjectured that the Chinese must have abandoned it, and upon investigation by the landing parties this was found to be the case. The landing parties thereupon took possession of it without further trouble. Meantime the gunboats lying just below the dockyard had been engaging the south and new forts, which they had seriously damaged, but not sufficiently to enable them to be stormed. The taking of the north fort, however, soon altered the state of things, as its new European garrison immediately turned what available guns it had on to the south and new forts. These were shortly afterwards taken by the remainder of the storming party, which had crossed the river for that purpose.

Towards the beginning of the action the *Fame* and *Whiting* had attacked and captured the four Chinese torpedo-boat destroyers lying off the dockyard, meeting with very little opposition. The last of the forts was taken about 7 a.m., the action thus lasting but little over six hours. The British loss was slight, being only one man killed and nine wounded. The Russians and Germans suffered

much more severely, the *Illis* alone having eight killed and nine wounded, while the Russians had five officers and twenty-eight men killed and over sixty wounded. The only gunboat disabled was a Russian, which sank in a shallow part of the river. The British landing party was composed of men from the *Alacrity*, *Barfleur*, *Centurion*, *Orlando*, *Aurora*, and *Endymion*, in command of Commander C. Cradock, of the *Alacrity*.

The hail of shot and shell under which the fighting was carried out was appalling, writes one correspondent, and the greatest credit is due to all concerned for the skill and daring with which the enterprise was carried to such a successful termination. Small unarmoured gunboats were pitted against the strength of eight very powerful modern forts and batteries, armed with the latest guns and supplied with all the improvements for facilitating rapid fire which make modern war such a grim business. The capture of Taku under these conditions is an achievement of which each nation concerned may justly be proud. The forts, says a writer who visited them subsequently, did not show much damage from the outside, but on entering one a very vivid idea was gained as to the effect of modern shell fire. The place was wrecked, and mutilated men and horses were thickly strewn over the blood-stained ground. The visitors, after the fight, made quite a harvest of mementoes.

Chinese Dockyard Four Chinese Destroyers *Fame* and *Whiting* Russian Gunboats Inner North Fort Tong-ku Station and Village



New Fort South Fort *Illis* *Algerine* North Fort

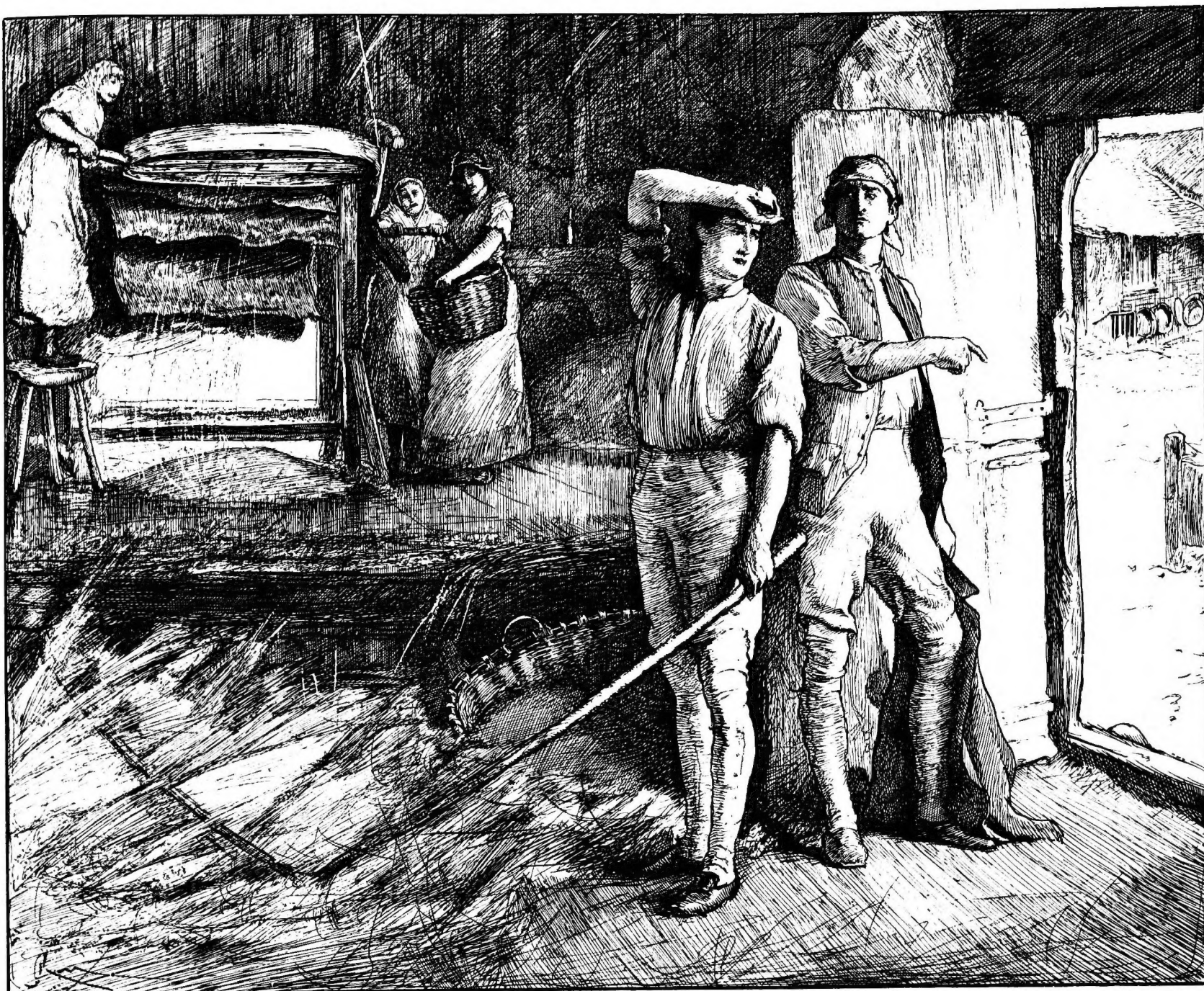
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY D. PEACOCK, CHIEF ENGINEER, H.M.S. "ALACRITY"

When one of the batteries on the north side of the river had been stormed and carried by a British, Italian, and Japanese landing party, the guns in it were immediately turned on to the forts on the south side of river. At 6 a.m. a shell from this battery entered the magazine of the South Fort, causing a

terrific explosion, the shock being strongly felt by the ships which were lying thirteen miles off, outside the river. The explosion decided the fortunes of the day in favour of the allies, and only desultory firing followed at lengthening intervals, until all the forts were captured by 7 a.m.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE OPERATIONS DURING THE ATTACK ON THE TAKU FORTS ON JUNE 17



"Set down your drashel an' come an' speak wi' me a minute t'other side the yard"

THE MOUND BY THE WAY

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

IV.

BEFORE the snows melted and the first month of the new year had passed by, John Aggett and his master's son were friends no more.

Of Timothy it may be recorded that he fought fiercely, then with waning strength, and finally succumbed and lost his battle. By slow degrees his intimacy with Sarah grew. Neither sought the other; but love dragged them together. The man hid it from his small world or fancied that he did so; the girl blushed in secret, and knew what she had mistaken for love was mere attachment—an emotion as far removed from her affection for Timothy as the bloodless moonbeams from the flush of a rosy sunrise. A time came, and that quickly, when she could deceive herself no longer, and she knew that her life hung on her lover, while the other man was no more than a sad cloud upon the horizon of the future.

Frosts temporarily retarded the thaw and Timothy and Sarah walked together at evening time in a great pine wood. A footpath, ribbed and fretted with snake-like roots, extended here, and moving along it they sighed, while the breath of the great trees bore their aspirations aloft into the scented silence. One band of orange light hung across the west and the evening star twinkled diamond bright upon it, while perpendicularly against the splendour sprang the lines of pine trunks, dimmed aloft with a network of broken and naked boughs, merging above them into a sombre crown of accumulated foliage. A carpet of dead needles was crisp under foot and the whisper of growing ice tinkled on the ear.

"'Tis vain to lie, at least to you an' to myself. I love 'e, Timothy; I love 'e wi' all my poor heart—all—all of it."

Her breath left her red lips in a little cloud, and she hung her head hopelessly down.

"God can tell why such cruel things should happen, dearest. Yet you loved him too, poor chap."

"Never. 'Tis the difference 'tween thinkin' an' knawin', a difference wide as the moor. I never knawed love; I never knawed as there was such—but this be wicked talk. You've winned the solemn holy truth out o' me, an' that must content 'e. I never could ax un to give me up—him so gude an' workin' that terrible hard to make a home for me."

"What will the home be when you've got it? Some might think it was better that one should suffer instead of two."

"I couldn't leave un, out of pity."

"You must think of yourself, too, Sarah, if not of me. I hate

saying so, but when your life's salvation hangs on it, who can be dumb? John Aggett's a big-hearted, honest man; yet he hasn't our deep feelings; it isn't in him to tear his heart to tatters over one woman as I should."

"Us caan't say what deeps a man may have got hid in un."

"Yes, but we can, in a great measure. John's not subtle. He's made of hard stuff and sensible stuff. I'll fathom him at any rate. It must be done. He shall know. God forgive me; and yet I don't blame myself very much. I was not free, never since you came into my life and filled it up to the brim. He saw the danger, I confess that. He warned me, an' I bid him fear nothing. I was strong in my own conceit. Then this happened. The thing is meant to be; I know it at the bottom of my being. It was planned at creation and we cannot alter it if we would."

"'Tis well to say that, love; but I reckon poor Jan thought the same."

"I'll see him; I'll speak with him, man to man. He *must* give you up. Oh, if I could change places with him and find myself a labourer just toiling to make a home for you, I'd thank the Lord on my knees!"

"I wish I'd never seen either of 'e, for I've awnly made the both of 'e wretched men. Better I'd never drawn breath than bring this gert load of sorrow to my betters."

"You can't help it; you're innocent, and the punishment must not fall upon your shoulders. You love me better than Aggett; and that he must know in justice to himself—and us."

"Then his life be ruined an' his cup bitter for all time."

"I don't think so at all. You misjudge him. And even if this must be so, it is only fate. I will speak to him to-night."

"Leave it a little while, Tim. I'm fearful to trembling when I think of it. 'Tis I must tell him, not you. 'Tis I must tell him that I'm not faithful an' beg for forgiveness from un. An' if he struck me down an' hurted me—if he killed me—I'd say 'twas awnly fair punishment."

"He never would lift a finger, even in his rage."

"Jan? Never—never. A fiery sawl, but so soft-hearted as a li'l cheel. Ess fay, 'tis from me he should hear it, if he must."

"It would be better that I should do this."

Before they reached the stile that stood under the great fir tree, each loving coward had prayed the other to leave the task alone; and finally both promised to do nothing for a short space. Then into the light they came, and Sarah, glancing upwards, saw dim letters and a lovers' knot, like sad eyes, staring from the tree trunk.

As a matter of fact, there existed no great need to impress the situation upon John Aggett. The man, if slow-witted, was not blind, and, indeed, agile enough of intellect where Sarah was concerned. For many days he had hesitated to read the change in her. His visits to her had been marked by gloomy fits of taciturnity, by short speeches, abrupt leave-takings, by distrust in his eyes, by rough, mumbled sentences she could not catch, by outbursts of affection, by sudden hugs to his heart, by searching, silent scrutiny of her features, and numberless reiterations of one question. He never wearied to hear her declare that she loved him; his only peace of mind was in the moments of that assurance daily repeated; and he approached to absolute subtlety in appraisement of Sarah's voice and vocal inflection as she made answer. Until the present her affirmation of love had rung truly upon his ear; now he felt a shadow behind the words and steeled himself to the change. Her lips said one thing, her voice and eyes another. He grew slowly to believe the signs and to realise that she loved him no more, or, if a little, so little that she did not mind lying to him.

Over this earthquake in his life he brooded bitterly enough, yet the stroke of it, upon first falling, was in some measure broken by his knowledge of Timothy's interview with Gammer Gurney. A fatalistic resignation arose from this recollection and manifested itself, for the brief space of a week, in John's attitude to his fate. But as the nature of all he had lost and how he had lost it beat upon his brain, a great agony of reality soon caused him to brush the white witch and her predictions out of the argument; they were factors too trivial to determine the careers of men and women; and thus, from beneath the smoke of his brief apathy appeared a consuming fire, and the man's passionate nature cried for a speedy and definite end to his torments.

Work upon the land was suspended under frost, but from the great barn in Cridland Barton came daily a hurtling of many flails where threshing of barley kept the hands busy for many hours in each brief day. The flails gleamed like shooting stars across the dusty atmosphere of the barn, and when the sunlight entered, a sort of delicate, golden cloud hung in the air, only to sink slowly away upon cessation of labour. Timothy Chave, too, toiled here. For something to occupy him he swung a flail with the rest, and made the old hands think better of themselves and their skill within sight of his clumsy efforts. Then it happened that Aggett, awake to an opportunity, suddenly desisted from work, put on his coat, and accosted his rival. But he spoke for Tim's ear alone and challenged no general attention.

"Set down your drashel an' come an' speak wi' me a minute t'other side the yard."

"Certainly, John, if you wish it."

A moment later the meeting that Sarah had dreaded came about; but the results of it were of a sort not to have been anticipated. Aggett went straight to the point of attack, and his temper suffered from the outset before the more cultured man's attitude and command of words.

"You know full well what I've got to say before I sez it, I judge. I see in your faace you know, Timothy Chave."

"Yes, I do. It's about Sarah. Things that must happen, must happen. I'm glad you've broached this subject, Aggett. Well, it stands thus: we are not our own masters always, unfortunately."

"You can say that an' look me in the faace calm as a stone, arter what passed between us six weeks ago?"

"Six weeks—is that all?"

"Ess fay, though more like six years to me—six years o' raging, roasting hell. Why do 'e bide here? Why do 'e play wi' the fire in my woman's eyes? Why do 'e take walks along wi' she—skulking in the woods away from honest men an' beasts like a fox? You've lied to me—"

"Don't speak quite so loud, John. I cannot help the past. It was not my doing. I never sought out Sarah. We are all tools in the hand of Fate or Providence, or whatever you like to call it: we are puppets and must dance to the tune God is pleased to play. We're not free any of us—not free to make promises or give undertakings. Doesn't this prove that we're slaves? I love Sarah Belworthy with all my heart and soul. That is not a sin. There is nothing in the world for me but her. I'm frank enough to you now, and if I lied before it was because I thought I could control what was to come. I tried to keep my word. I turned from her path many times. I begged to be allowed to go away from Throwley, but my father would not suffer me. I swear I did my best; but loving is another matter. I might as easily have promised not to breathe as not to look at her."

"Words! An' her, an' me?"

"It's cursedly hard. God knows I don't find it easy to answer you. But think; picture yourself in her place. Imagine that you found a woman you loved better than Sarah."

"'Tis allus lifting of the burden on to other folks' shoulders wi' you. I'll imagine nought—nought at all. I ban't a-gwaine to imagine vain things at your bidding. Dost hear me? I want the plain truth in plain speech. But that's more'n you could give me, I reckon. The question I've got to ax, my gal's got to answer. An' I call her 'my gal' yet until I hear from her awn lips she bain't mine no more. Then—then—Christ knows what —"

"If there's any sort of satisfaction on earth I'd give it to you. I know better than you can tell me that I'm a weak man. And I've hated myself for many days when I thought of you; but there it is—a fact beyond any mending."

"Get out of her life, if you're honest, an' don't whine to me 'bout things being beyond mendin'! Go! Turn your back on her an' let the dazzle of 'e fade out of her eyes an' out of her mind. You know, so well as me, that it ban't beyond mendin'. She promised to marry me 'fore ever she seed the shadow of you; an' you knawed it from the first moment you set eyes on her; an' yet you went on an' sinked from manhood into this. You'm a whole cowardice of curs in the skin o' wan man, damn you!"

"You do right to curse. You will never feel greater contempt for me than I do for myself. I cannot go away. It is impossible—wholly above my strength. And the position is beyond mending, despite what you say—both for Sarah and for me. It is no crime in her to love me; the fault is mine, and if I had sworn on my hope of salvation to you, I should have broken my oath as I did my promise. Measure my punishment—that is all you can do; and I won't flinch from it."

"She loves you—better'n what she do me? It's come to that; an' you ax me to measure your punishment! You pitiful wretch! You knaw you'm safe enough now. She loves 'e better'n me. Theer's your safety. 'Struth! I could smash your bones like rotten wood, an' you knaw it; but she loves you better'n me; an' who be I to crack her painted china wi' my rough cloam? I doan't love her no less—anyways not so little as to bruise you, an' that you knawed afore you spoke. Get out o' my sight an' may worse fall on 'e than ever I would bring. May the thing you've done breed an' bite an' sap the heart out of 'e like a canker worm; may it bring thorns to your roses an' death to your hopes an' storms to your skies; may it fill your cup wi' gall an' bend your back afore your time an' sting you on your death-bed. May it do all that, an' more, so as you'll mind this hour an' knaw if I'd scattered your lying brains abroad and killed 'e, 'twould have been kinder than to let you live!"

"I have deserved your hardest words; but forgive her—now that you yield her up; forgive her if ever you loved her, for the fault was none of hers."

"You can think for her, can 'e? You can stand between me an' her to shield her against the man as would have faced fire an' water and all hell's delights for her ever since she was a li'l dinky maid? You ax me to forgive her—you? Christ A'mighty! she'm a lucky woman to have a man of your metal to stand up for her against me!"

"I didn't mean that, Aggett; only I feared—"

"Doan't I love tu, you smooth-faced fule? Do 'e think wan hair of her ban't so precious to me as to you? Do 'e think because she've took your poison I'm mazed tu? I've got to live my life wi'out her; I've got to bide all my days wi'out her—that's enough. But she'd have loved me still if she could. Ban't her sin that you poured magic in her cup; ban't her sin that she won't wear glass beads no more now she thinks she've found a string o' di'monds."

"You're a better man than I am, John; you make me see what I've done; you make me wish I was dead."

"Liar! Don't prate no more to me. I hate the filthy sight of 'e an' the sound of thy oily tongue tu. I'd swing for 'e to-morrow, an' keep my last breath to laugh with, but for she. Tell her—no; that I'll do myself. I'll tell her, an' no call for you to fear as your fine name will get any hard knocks. I'll never soil my mouth with it more arter to-day."

He departed, and the other, in some shame, stood and watched him return to the threshing-floor. Yet, as the unhappy wretch who has sacrificed his life to a drug and creeps through shame and contumely back and back to the poison, counting nothing

as vital that does not separate him from his lust, so now the man felt that Sarah Belworthy was his own, and told himself that his honour, his self-respect, his fair repute were well lost in exchange for this unexampled pearl.

V.

AT nightfall John Aggett visited the cottage of the Belworthys, but Sarah was from home for the day, and he had a few words with her mother instead. That astute woman was well informed of affairs, and the romance now proceeding had long been the salt of her life, though she pretended no knowledge of it. In common with her husband she hoped for glory from a possible union between the cot of Belworthy and the homestead of the Chaves. But these ambitions were carefully hidden from sight. All the smith said, when the matter was whispered, amounted to a pious hope that the Lord would look after his own—meaning Sarah; but presently it behoved both parents to stir in the matter when they learned of the subsequent meeting between their daughter and John Aggett. A very unexpected determination on the girl's part resulted from that occasion, and the matter fell out in this way.

Before seeing John again, Sally had lengthy speech with her new sweetheart, and he, a little dead to the danger of so doing, detailed at length his conversation with the cowman, and explained the complete nature of his rival's renunciation. This narrative set Timothy in a somewhat sorry light, and the fact that he unconsciously bore himself as a victor added to the unpleasant impression conveyed. Had Tim declared his own sorrow and shame, blamed himself and acknowledged John's greatness with whole-hearted or even simulated praise, the girl had accepted the position more readily; but as it was, young Chave, whose fear of rousing her pity for John rendered him less eloquent upon that theme than he felt disposed to be, by this very reticence and oblivion touching the other's heart, and awoke that pity he desired to stifle. Indeed, his story moved Sarah unutterably. While her love for Tim was the light of her life, yet at this juncture her nature forced her to turn to the first man, and now she held herself guilty of high wickedness in her treatment of him. An instinct towards abstract justice, rare in women, uplifted her in this strait; the stricken man clung to her mind and would not be banished. Even before Timothy's subsequent abasement and self-accusations she could not forget the past or live for a moment in the joy of the present. The very note of triumph in her loved one's voice jarred upon her. It was, therefore, with feelings painfully mingled, and heart-distracted by many doubts, that Sarah met John Aggett at last.

He was harsh enough—harsh to brutality—and for some subtle reason this attitude moved her to the step he least expected. Softness and kind speech might have sent Sarah weeping to Timothy after all; but the ferocity, despair, and distraction of the great red man confirmed her in a contrary course of action. She put her hands into his, cried out that, before God, she was his woman for all time, and that his woman she would remain until the end. John Aggett strangled his reason upon this loving declaration—as many a stronger man would have done. He told himself that his gigantic love might well serve for them both; he caressed the wanderer in love, and called upon Heaven to hear his thanksgivings. New rosy-fledged hope sprang and soared in his heart at this unhopd blessing, and for a few blissful days light returned to his face, elasticity to his step. He had steeled his soul to part with her; he had told himself the worst of the agony was over, but in reality the girl had come back into his life again before the real grief of his loss had stamped itself upon his mind. Now, despite the inner whisper that told him his joy rested on the most futile foundations possible, he took her back as he had resigned her—in a whirlwind of emotion. And he assured himself that, having once yielded her up, neither man nor God could reasonably ask him to do so again.

Mrs. Belworthy it was who first penetrated the false pretence and mockery of this new understanding. Upon the strength of that discovery she communicated in secret with Timothy Chave, and bid him cultivate patience and be of good cheer despite the darkness of appearances. Sarah indeed showed by no sign that she desired to turn from her bargain again; but the emptiness, tastelessness, aridity of these renewed relations could not be hidden. Even John grasped the truth after a fortnight of hollow love-making. He tried to reawaken the old romance, to stimulate anew the old hopes and ambitions; but Sarah's counterfeit too often broke down despite her best endeavours. Tears filled her eyes even while she clung most fiercely to him; her parents murmured their regrets that John should persist in ruining her life. Indeed Mrs. Belworthy did more than murmur; she took an occasion to speak strongly to the cowman; yet he shunned the truth and blundered blindly on, straining every nerve and racking his brain to discover means whereby Sarah might be won back to the old simple trust in him, to her former humility of ambition and simplicity of thought. But any restoration of the past conditions was impossible, for her mind had much expanded in Timothy's keeping; and this fact did Aggett, by slow and bitter stages, at length receive and accept. With heart the sorer for his temporary flicker of renewed happiness, he tore himself from out a fool's paradise and abandoned hope and Sarah once for all.

"'Tis vain to make believe any more," he said to her. "God knows you've tried your hardest, but you ban't built to throw dust in a body's eyes. Your bread's a-been leavened wi' tears these many days, an' your sawl's in arms against the falling out of things. 'Tis natural as it should be so. We've tried to come together again an' failed. Us can do no more now."

"Leave 'e I won't. If you beat me away from 'e like a dog, like a dog I'll come back again."

"Leave me you must, Sally. I bain't gwaine to blight your butivul life for all time wi' my love though you do come wi' open arms an' ax me to. Go to un free, an' taake my solemn word as I'll rage against un no more; an' I'll knaw you'm happy then. I'll never forget you comed twice to me o' your awn free will."

"You'm a gude man—a brave gude man, Jan Aggett—an' God knaws why I be that pitiful weak that anything born should have come between us once I'd promised."

"Many things come between the bee an' the butt, the cup an' the lip, men an' women folks an' their hopes. Please God you'll fare happy wi' un."

"I don't deserve it if theer's any justice in the sky."

"Theer ban't to my knowledge. Pray God He'll be—then I'll forgive un. An' folks won't come to me character whether or no."

The woman protested and wept—the man was firm. For an hour his lofty mood held, and he completed the final renunciation before he slept. Knowing full well that Chave never hear the truth from Sarah, he laid wait for him that night and met him in the village at a late hour.

The men stood side by side where, to-day, little thatched cottages in their accidental harmony of relations, clustered the steps leading upward into Throwley churchyard. The night was rough and cold, but dry, and the wind, wailing through the elms, chimed in unison with the recent sorrow of Timothy's heart. When Sarah announced her determination, the young man threatened self-destruction and foretold madness. Neither thing nor the other happened, but he was sufficiently miserable in his sufferings had by no means grown blunted on this night's passing wearily through the village.

Aggett, moving out of the darkness, recognised his man, spoke, rising to do so from the steps of the churchyard where he had been waiting.

"Come you here—in the burying-ground," he said aloud. "Theer us'll be out o' the way o' the world, an' can sit 'pon a stone an' I can say what's to say."

"There is nothing to talk about between us. If you knaw much I have suffered and am still suffering, you'd spare me a few words."

"Aw jimmery! You'm a poor, whinin' twoad—tu slack-twad, for any full-grown woman I should have reckoned. But you're be in. She comed back to me for duty; now she'm gwaine to you for love."

"Does she know her own mind, John?"

"Ess fay, an' allus did arter you come."

They had climbed the steps and were now sitting on a flat tomb near the church door. Then Aggett briefly explained the events of the past fortnight and his own determination concerning Sarah; while the younger man felt his blood wake from its sleep and race again through his veins. His treasure had not been lost, and life was worth living yet. He had tact sufficient to make no comments upon the story. He spared John Aggett many words. But he gazed once or twice at the other's heaving breast and wild eyes, and told himself that the cowman was a being altogether beyond his power to understand. Then he crept away as quickly as he could and did not sleep until he had spoken with Sarah. On this occasion his account of events was framed in words of most meek and humble sort. He awarded Aggett full measure of praise, while upon himself he heaped sufficient obloquy, feeling that he could very well afford to do so as a price for this return to paradise.

VI.

Now thundered upon John Aggett the full flood of his griefs at highest water-mark. Until this time hopes had alternated with fears, possibilities of recovered joy with the thought of utter loss. Then he had possessed Sarah's promises and the consciousness that in his hands, not another's, lay the future. But now John had departed out of her life for good and all, and the great act of self-renunciation was complete. To the highest minded and noblest soul something in the nature of anticlimax must have followed upon this action. That one capable of so great a deed and such unselfish love would possess ample reserves of self-command and self-control to live his life henceforward on the same high plane, might have been the assumption of many, but John Aggett conformed to no such consistent splendour of character. Having by his own action insured the highest good for the woman he loved, his subsequent display sunk far below that standard, and, indeed, embraced a life inferior to his usual conduct. A supreme unconcern at what might now be ahead of him characterised his actions. As a lighthouse lamp illuminates some horror of sea and stone, so a notable deed shone in a sorry setting, for John Aggett's existence now sank as much below its usual level of indifferent goodness as his relinquishment of Sarah Belworthy, for love of her, had risen above it. Until the present his attachment to the girl and his engagement he had laboured with the patience of a beast, and counted weariness a delight as the shillings in his savings-bank increased. Now that the incentive for further work was withdrawn he abated his energies, lacking wit to realise that upon sustained and ceaseless mental occupation his salvation might depend. His final departure from Criddland Barton was brought about as the result of a meeting with his master.

To Farmer Chave young Timothy, now re-established with Sarah, had come to break the news of his attachment; but a parental congratulation rewarded him. Mr. Chave knew even man and woman in Throwley and was familiar with this cowman's matrimonial hope. That his son and heir should favour a labourer's sweetheart was a galling discovery and provoked language of a sort seldom heard even in those plain-speaking times. Finally the father dismissed his son, bid him get out of sight and conquer his calf-love once and for all, or hold himself disinherited. A little later he acted upon his own shrewd judgment and held conversation with Sarah's original suitor.

John was milking as the farmer entered his cow-yard and a flood of sunlight slanted over the low byre-roofs and made the coats of the cattle shine ripe chestnut red.

"Evenin' to 'e, Aggett. Leave that job an' come an' have a te wi' me. I wants to speak to 'e."

"Evenin', maister. I'll milk 'Prim' dry, if you please, 'cause she do awnly give down to me. Milly can tend t'others."

Farmer Chave waited until the cow, "Prim," had yielded her store then he led the way to an empty byre—dark, cool, and scented by its inhabitants. Across the threshold fell a bar of light; with it out, a vast heap of rich ordure sent forth delicate sun-tinted vapours close at hand the cows stood waiting each her turn, and one looked gently to the milkmaid.

"Look you here, Jan Aggett, you'm for marryin', ban't 'e? Didn't you tell me when I took you on as you was keepin' company wi' blacksmith's young darter?"

"Twas so then."

"Well, I'm wan as likes to see my hands married an settled an' "

getting childer 'cordin' to Bible command. What's your wages this minute?"

"You'm on a wrong tack, maister. Sarah Belworthy an' me be out. Theer's nought betwixt us more."

Mr. Chave affected great indignation at this statement.

"Struth! Be you that sort?"

John reflected a moment before answering. He suspected his master must know the truth, but could not feel certain, for Mr. Chave's manner suggested absolute ignorance.

"Us changed our minds—that's all."

"You say so! When a gal changes her mind theer's generally another string to her bow. Either that or she's tired of waiting for the fust."

"It might be 'twas so," said John, falling into the trap laid for him. "A maid like her can't be expected in reason to bide till such as me can make a home for her. I doan't blame her."

"Well, if that's the trouble, you can go right along to her this night an' tell her theer's no cause to keep single longer'n Eastertide. You an' his wife do leave my cottage in Longley Bottom come then, instead of raisin' your wages, as I meant to do bimeby, I'll give the cot rent free. A tidy li'l place tu, I warn 'e, wi' best part of an acre o' ground. Now be off wi' 'e an' tell the gal."

Aggett gasped and his eyes dimmed a moment before the splendid vision of what might have been. It took him long to find words of breath to utter them. Then he endeavoured to explain.

"You'm a kind maister, God knows, an' I'd thank 'e year in an' year out wi' the sweat o' my body for such gudeness. But the thing can't be, worse luck. Best I tell 'e straight. 'Tis like this: my gal I was have met another chap—a chap made o' choicer mud than I be. An' he'm more to her than me, an'—"

"God A'mighty! An' you stand theer whining wi' no more spirit than a auld woman what's lost her shoestring! A chap hath stididdled the gal from 'e? Another man hath stole her? Is that what you mean?"

John grew fiery red, breathed hard and rubbed his chin with a huge fist.

"Ban't the man I cares a curse for. 'Tis the gal."

"Rubbishy auld nonsense! 'Tis a woman's play to show 'e the worth of her. They'm built that way an' think no man can value 'em right unless he sees they'm for other markets so well as his. Do 'e know what that vixen of a gal wants 'e to do? Why she's awnly waiting for 'e to give t'other chap a damn gude hiding! Then she'll cuddle round 'e again like a cat arter feesh. I know 'em!"

John's jaw dropped before this sensational advice. Now he was more than ever convinced that his master knew nothing of the truth. It appeared to him the most fantastic irony that a father should thus in ignorance condemn his son to such a sentence. Then Aggett put a question that showed quickening of perception.

"If 'twas your awn flesh an' blood, what would 'e say?"

"Same as I be sayin' now. Burned if I'd blame any man for sticking to his awn."

"It be your son," declared John shortly.

"I know it," answered the other. "That's why I'm here. You'm not the fule you look, Jan, an' you know so well as I can tell 'e this match ban't seemly nohow. I ban't a-gwaine to have it—not if the Lard Bishop axed me. An' I tell you plain an' plump—me being your master—that you must stop it. The gal's your gal an' you must keep her to her bargain. An' you won't repent it neither. Marry her out o' hand an' look to me for the rest. An' if a word's said, send them as sez it to me. I'll soon shut their mouths."

"Ban't the folks—'tis her. She do love your son wi' all her heart an' sawl, an' him her—onless he's a liar."

"Drivel! What does he know 'bout love—a moon-blind bwoy like him? I won't have it, I tell 'e. He's gone his awn way tu long. Spoiled by his fule of a mother from the church-vamp onwards till he've come to this bit of folly. It's not to be; dost hear what I say?"

"I hear 'e. Go your ways, maister, an' prevent it if you can. I'll not meddle or make in the matter. The gal's chose, an' ban't me as can force her to change her mind."

"More fule her. An' between the pair of 'e, she'll find herself in the dirt. 'Tis in a nutshell. Will 'e take the cottage an' make her marry 'e? I lay you could if you was masterful."

"Never—ban't a fair thing to ax a man."

"Best hear me through 'fore you sez it. If you'm against me in this, you can go to hell for all I care. If you won't help me to keep my son from disgracing me an' mine, you'm no true man an' I doan't want 'e any more to Cridland Barton. 'Tis a wife an' a home rent free 'pon wan side, an' the sack on the other. So you'd best make choice."

"I'll go Saturday."

"Of all the ninnymammers ever I saw! You gert, red-headed cake, can't you see you'm spoilin' your awn life? Or was it that t'other side offered 'e better terms? If that's so, you won't get em, 'cause Tim Chave 'll be a pauper man the day he marries wi'out my leave."

The farmer stormed awhile longer, but presently he stamped off, and Aggett returned to his mother. Then, as he had angered Mr. Chave, so did his parent enrage him. She protested at his folly, and implored him to endeavour to carry out his master's wish while opportunity remained to do so. He was strong against it until the woman went on her knees to him and wept. Then he lost his temper, and cursed the whole earth and all thereon, and swore that his life was a cruel tangle that passed the understanding of a common man to unravel.

Later in the evening he revisited the village, and ultimately returned intoxicated to his home.

(To be continued)

NEW MAPS OF CHINA.—Messrs. John Bartholomew and Co., Edinburgh, have just issued a capital map of China and the Far East. The European settlements and spheres of influence are clearly shown, and an inserted map of the surroundings of Peking, on the scale of 11½ miles to the inch, gives a good idea of the situation of the present troubles. Another good map is "Bacon's New Large Print Map of China" (G. W. Bacon and Co.), which has large scale inset maps of Peking, the district between Taku Forts to Peking, the Gulf of Pechili, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Canton, and a key map showing routes to China.

The Attempt on the Shah

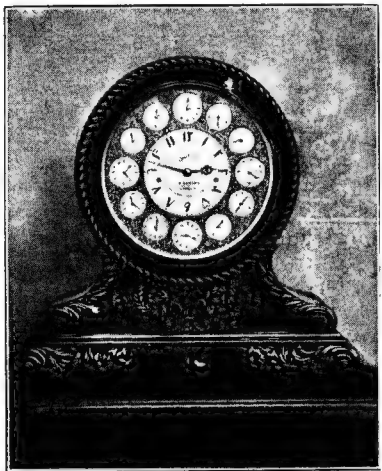
WITH our Royal House in such deep mourning the Shah of Persia has shown much tact in giving up his intended visit to England.



FRANCOIS SALSON
Who attempted to assassinate the Shah of Persia
Photo taken by the Police since his arrest

The Shah and the Grand Vizier seized the opportunity and could do any harm, and a second later a detective knocked the man to the ground, where the crowd made a rush at him and would have lynched the would-be assassin had not the police got him away in time. The Shah behaved most courageously, and when President Loubet visited him to congratulate His Majesty he remarked that assassins were everywhere, his own father having been assassinated.

The criminal has since been identified. He is a certain Francois Salson, from Montlaur, in Aveyron, who has long been known as a dangerous Anarchist. He has been imprisoned twice before.



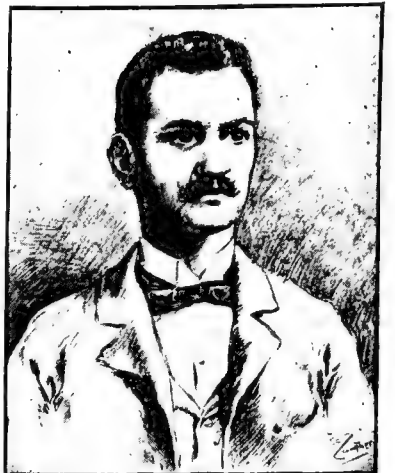
A CLOCK FOR THE SHAH
A clock has just been made for the Shah of Persia which not only tells the Teheran time, but the times in twelve other cities of the world. The centre dial, which is the largest, shows Teheran time, whilst the smaller dials mark the hours at Peking, Washington, Yokohama, Bombay, Samarkand, Constantinople, Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, and London. All the figures on the dials are in Persian characters, and so are the names of the various cities. The work was entrusted to Bensons', the clockmakers on Ludgate Hill

The Assassination of King Humbert

THE mourning for King Humbert is very deep and sincere throughout Italy. Even the Vatican has unbent from its usual bitter attitude towards the Monarchy, for the Pope not only sent a special messenger to the widowed Queen, but himself celebrated Mass for the repose of the murdered King's soul. Popular sympathy runs especially high for Queen Margherita, who is much loved by her people, and whose bitter grief for the husband with whom she lived so happily is most painful to witness. She could hardly be persuaded to leave the body, and spent nearly all day and night praying in the death-chamber. Her son, the new King, is most devoted to his mother, and so is the new Queen Helen, who is Queen Margherita's constant companion, absolutely refusing to take the place of honour which now belongs to her.

Since it was decided to bury the King in Rome the funeral preparations have become much more elaborate. The King's body lay from the time of his death until the night before the funeral in the room where he died at Monza, the room being transformed into a *chapelle ardente*, where priests said Mass continually. The coffin rested on a pedestal shaped like lions' feet, and was surrounded by burning tapers. By the side lay the national flag and the King's helmet and sword, and on the coffin itself was placed the historic Iron Crown with which Italian Kings have been crowned for twelve centuries past. To the great regret of the Romans there was no grand lying-in-State before the funeral, but it was decided to bring the King's remains by night to the capital and transfer them to the Pantheon early on Thursday morning in time for the funeral ceremony later in the day. The route of the procession was to be draped in black and the Royal body borne to the Pantheon on a gun carriage. The interior of the building would be splendidly decorated with black and silver, a catafalque in Etruscan style being constructed for the coffin before the high altar. Candles would burn before the catafalque and before the tomb of King Humbert's father, while the rest of the edifice remained in semi-darkness. All foreign Courts were expected to send representatives to the funeral, messages having simply poured in from abroad.

The assassin Bresci keeps very cool, and affects to believe that he will soon be free. Anarchist arrests continue wholesale, and the Italian police firmly believe that the murder of the King was part of a widely spread plot. The place where Bresci shot the unhappy Monarch is to be given to Queen Margherita as the site of a Memorial Chapel to King Humbert.



GAETANO BRESCHI
Who assassinated the King of Italy
Photo by Henkel, Hoboken

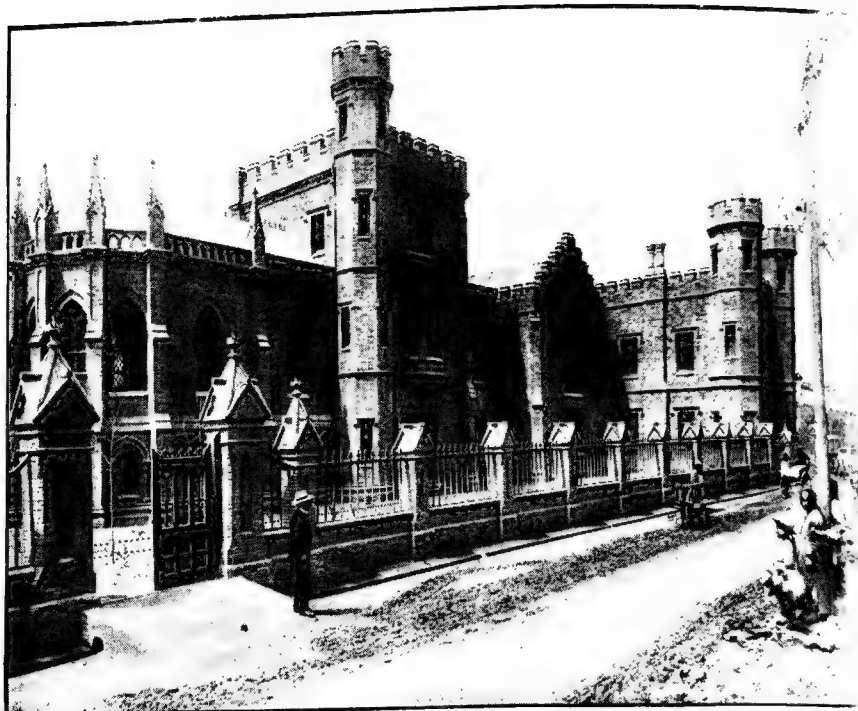


HIS MAJESTY, A FEW MINUTES AFTER HIS ESCAPE, ALIGHTING ON THE PONT DE LA CONCORDE ON HIS WAY TO SEVRES
THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE SHAH IN PARIS
From a Photograph by Léon Bouët



The hall was built in 1898. The old building was condemned, and consequently pulled down, and it was considered necessary to provide better accommodation for the soldiers and sailors of the Navy. Meetings and entertainments are held to interest the men, and a reading-room and billiard-room are provided. A large room overlooking Taku Road was used for worship until Union Church was completed. At the present time the hall is used as barracks for some of the troops

THE TEMPERANCE HALL, TIENTSIN



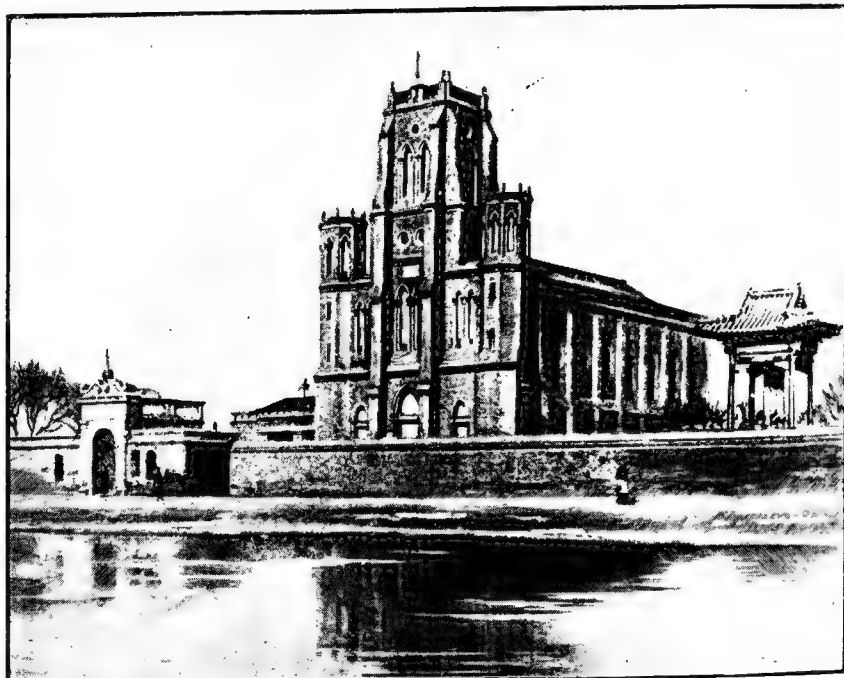
This college was built as a memorial of the Rev. F. Walford Hart (who gave his life for China). It is situated in the Taku Road leading into the city of Tientsin. It was erected for the training of native Evangelists

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, TIENTSIN



The native city, which has just been captured, is enclosed within a four-sided crenulated wall, nearly square, and three miles in extent, with towers at the four angles. This is the official quarter. The native suburbs are more extensive than the city itself, and extend for a considerable distance along both sides of the river. The foreign settlement is two miles below the native city

A STREET IN THE NATIVE CITY, TIENTSIN



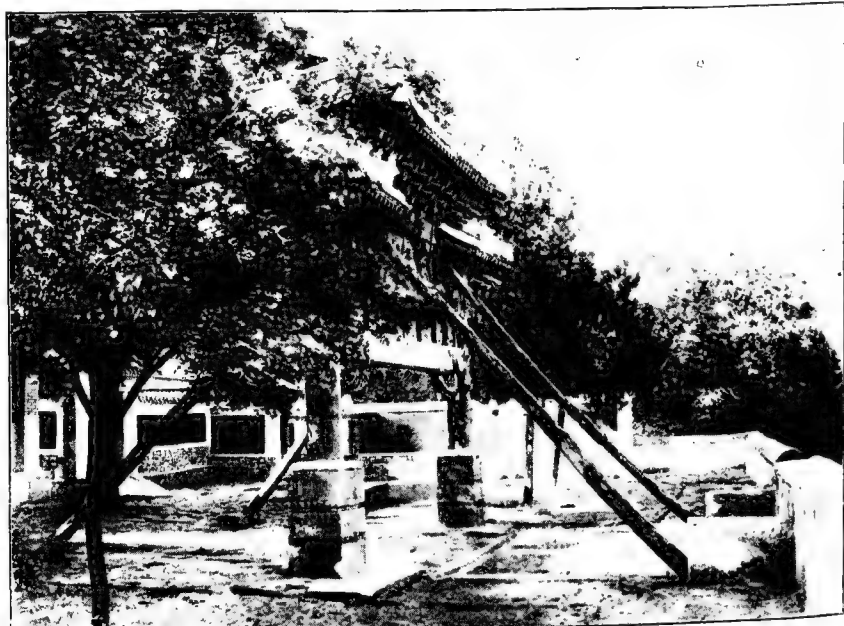
This is the site of the massacre of 1870, when the Orphanage of the French Sisters of Charity was attacked. The Cathedral and Convent were burnt, and twenty foreigners killed, including the French Consul, all the Sisters, and two Russians

THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN THE NATIVE CITY, TIENTSIN



This arch is one of the few things which were not damaged when the palaces were sacked by Gordon's men in the attack by the allied forces. It is made of coloured porcelain tiles, chiefly green, and roofed with yellow. The people in the front of the arch are Mrs. and Miss Bredon and Mr. De Luca

GRAND PAI-LOU OR ARCH IN THE HUNTING PARK, PEKING



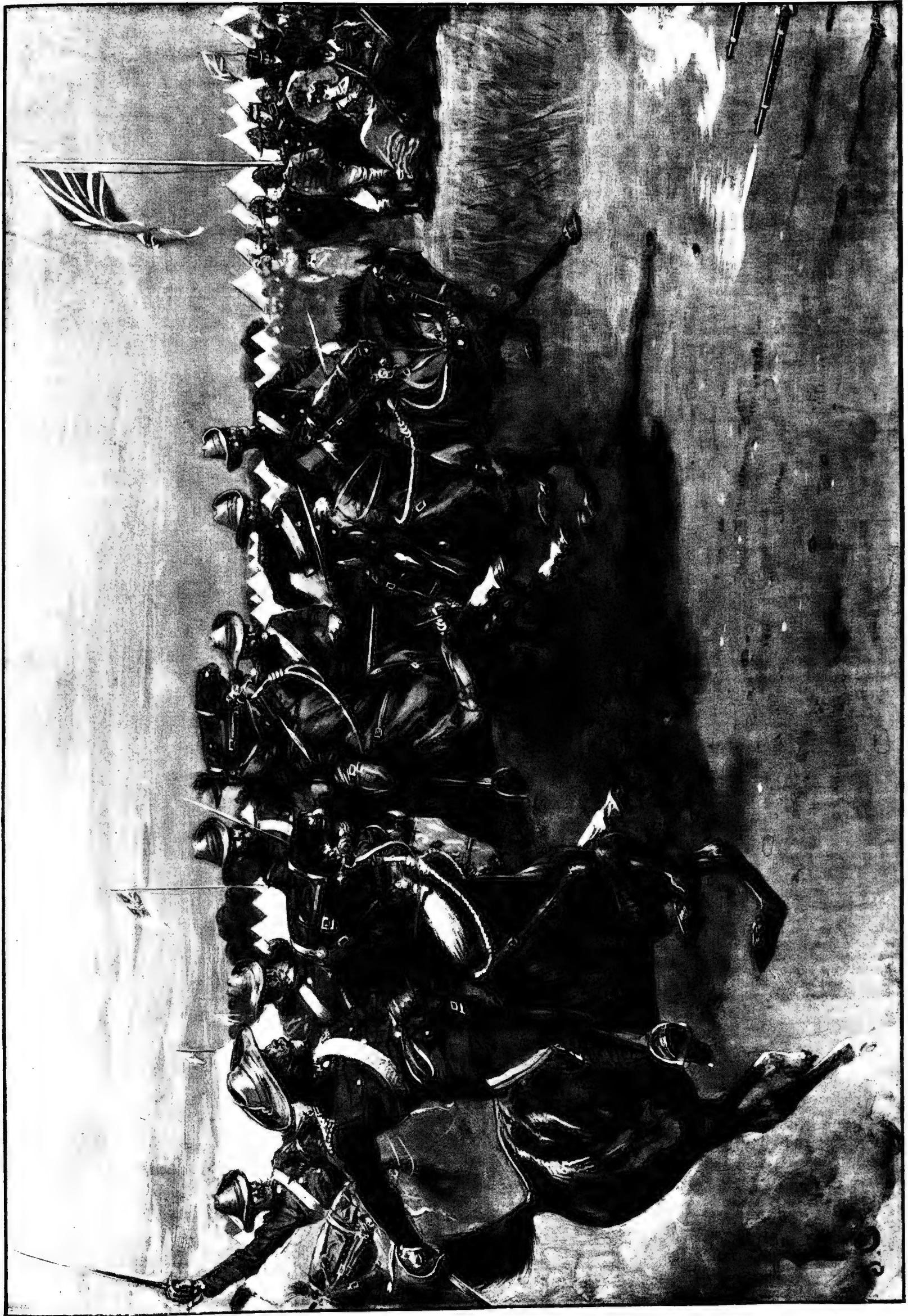
The great entrance staircase to this temple has been blocked as a sign that the place is in disgrace. According to the legend an old-time priest ran away with the wife of a guest in the Temple. The husband, in order to have his revenge in Chinese fashion, hanged himself, and his body was thrown here. The Emperor hearing of this, ordered the entrance way to be blocked. The Pai-Lou or Sacred Arch shown, supported by poles, is rather fine of its kind

IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF TA PEI SSU, PEKING

Tientsin, long famous as the residence of Li Hung Chang, is practically the port of Peking. It is situated on the Peiho, about two hours' journey from the mouth of the river. It is a very busy commercial centre, holding to Northern China the same relationship that Shanghai holds to the Central Provinces. The native city, which has just been captured, is enclosed within a square wall. The foreign settlement

is two miles down the river. Tientsin has been a great manufacturing centre for Chinese munitions of war. The Imperial Government had two arsenals there which have now been destroyed by the Allies, a gunpowder and shell factory, and a torpedo college

PLACES OF INTEREST IN TIENTSIN AND PEKING



The Cheshire (Earl of Chester's) Yeomanry and the Lancashire Hussars have been in brigade training at Hightown, near Liverpool, and as a part of this training a military tournament was held under the direction of Colonel the Earl of Harrington. There were competitions and prizes given for heads and posts, tent-peging, Victoria Cross race, etc., etc. The chief feature was a sham fight between Yeomanry representing Boers and Britons. A wooden erection at the end of the ground was named Kruger's farm. A double vedette was sent out from the advance guard of the British to find out if the farm was friendly, and on arriving a man with a white flag came out and shook hands with the vedette, one of whom then went back to the guard, reporting that all was right, upon which the whole advanced. A number of Boers then jumped out of a ditch near and fired upon them, causing the British to retire at the gallop. Old members then dismounted, and, leaving their horses in charge of others, advanced, taking shelter under a barricade, from whence they fired volleys into the Boers, who ran away. The British then returned to their horses and charged, jumping the barricade with drawn swords and dispersing the Boers. Kruger was found wounded in a ditch and captured and mounted behind one of the troopers, who carried him off.

YEOMANRY IN TRAINING: THE FINAL CHARGE ON THE BOER POSITION IN THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT HIGHTOWN CAMP

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Chronicle of the Wars

THE CRISIS IN CHINA

BY CHARLES LOWE

FOR the last week public interest and anxiety has continued to centre round two main points in China—Peking, where the Legations, though safe for the time being, were not yet out of danger, and Tientsin, whence a mixed expeditionary force has now at last started for their relief. But relief of a certain kind had previously also begun to reach them from a native quarter, if we are to believe a telegram from the Tsung-li-Yamen to the Chinese Minister in London, according to which vegetables and other food stuffs had been repeatedly supplied to the Legations, with which the "Chinese authorities were now (July 30) on very friendly terms." This may remind us of the story told by Xenophon in connection with the famous retreat of his ten thousand from the Euphrates to the sea, when he was perpetually harassed by the "barbarians" and threatened with extinction. Cheirisophos, the Lacedemonian, was once asked by some of those barbarians to a palaver about a



THE LATE MR. DAVID OLIPHANT,

Who was killed in the defence of the British Legation at Peking, was the third son of Mr. T. T. Oliphant, of St. Andrews, and was born in 1876. He went out to China as a student interpreter, and was a second-class assistant in the Consular service.

Chinese troops, who, once removed from the restraining influence of the capital, might be tempted to consummate the massacre which they failed to perpetrate at Peking. "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," Sir Claude MacDonald may have felt inclined to exclaim when the Chinese carriers reached his Legation, groaning under their basketfuls of "vegetables and other food stuffs." His scepticism must have been all the more justified, as we now know from his own despatches that have been smuggled through, as well as from the informatory telegram of Dr. Morrison to the *Times*, that the Chinese authorities were playing a deeply double game—"posting proclamations assuring us of protection, and the same night making a general attack in the hope of surprising us unawares." Dr. Morrison asserted that, far from being the act of "local brigands," as declared by an Imperial decree, the murder of the German Minister was premeditated and committed by an Imperial officer. Moreover, "the force besieging the Legations consists of Imperial soldiers under Yung Lu and Tung Fuh Siang, whose gallantry is applauded in Imperial decrees, though their gallantry consisted in bombarding for one month defenceless women and children cooped up in the Legation compounds, using shell, shrapnel, round shot, and expanding bullets." Up to July 31, the losses sustained by the various Legations amounted to sixty-two killed and 128 wounded.

"Contentedly Awaiting Relief"

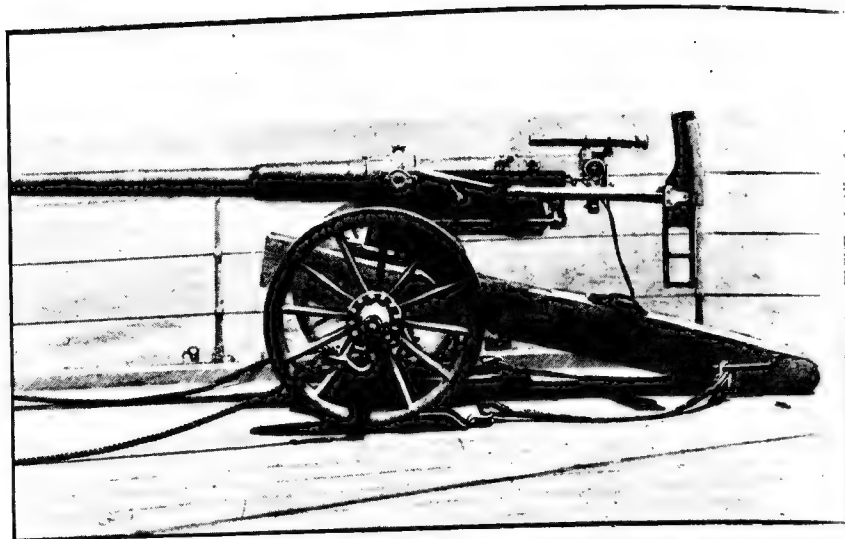
"The Chinese Government, if one exists," wrote Sir Claude, "has done nothing whatever to help us"—nothing beyond the "vegetables and bread stuffs" of a later date. But what the Legations were most sorely in need of were cartridges, of which, according to a Japanese message from Peking, only twenty-five per

man were left. Moreover, according to Sir Claude MacDonald, writing on 21st ult., his defensive lines were as follows:—"French and German Legations, Russian and British Legations, half the park of the British Legation and the centre of the American Legation. Everything outside those lines is in ruins. All the dwellings have been burned down, and large 'spaces have been levelled.' In the aforesaid circumstances the Ministers wisely refused to leave Peking and proceeded to Tientsin, and that their decision was justified by the event was proved, among other things, by the beheading, or rather cutting in half—the severest punishment in the Manchu code—of two members of the Tsung-li-Yamen who had made bold to bespeak consideration and protection for the foreigners. This was the act of Li Ping Hang, now commanding the troops at Peking, who ordered the Pao-Ting massacre—a fine man this to 'escort' the Ministers to Tientsin.

All this information came from Li Hung Chang, whose temporary seclusion from the world for a few hours did not amount to suicide, and who further told the French Consul at Shanghai that "no message would be delivered to the Ministers while foreign troops were advancing on Peking." No wonder, therefore, that the English, Japanese, and Russian authorities who tried to communicate with their respective Legations in Peking failed to do so, even though the bearers of their messages were disguised. The Chinese authorities were organising all their resources of force and fraud to prevent the advance of the composite foreign army on Peking. Li Hung Chang himself was solemn in his assurance that if this army really did go on the Ministers would all be infallibly massacred, without benefit of clergy, but that, if the Allies postponed their advance, their representatives in the capital would be at once placed in free communication with their respective Governments. "We are contentedly awaiting relief," wired the calmly courageous Australian Scot, Dr. Morrison; while the Japanese, on the other hand, sent out from their Legation a "heart-rending" appeal for immediate succour. "When the relief columns get near to Peking," said a message ascribed to Sir Claude MacDonald, "it will be necessary for them to advance with the greatest rapidity, so as to prevent the Chinese troops from renewing their attacks on the Legations." On Wednesday news was received up to the 3rd inst. from Sir Claude MacDonald, who stated that the shell and cannon fire ceased on July 16, but that rifle fire had continued intermittently—sixty of the garrison having been killed and 110 wounded. The fortifications had been strengthened, and over two hundred women and children were refugees in the Legation.

The Relieving Army

The relief columns referred to have at last begun to advance on Peking with a rapidity proportioned to their hasty organisation and to the armed resistance which they are bound to meet at every stage of their road. For we know that many of the Imperial Chinese troops who were engaged in the vain attempt to destroy all the Legations had marched towards Tientsin in order to address themselves to the more pressing task of barring the way of the relieving army; while General Sung was said to be at Yang-tsun with 20,000 men, and General Ma further down the Pei-ho at Pei-tsang with 10,000. What the exact strength of the relieving force is we do not yet know, though one authority puts it down as: British, 2,300; American, 1,600; Austrians, 58; Italians, 53; Japanese, 12,000; Russians, 4,500—total, say, 20,500 men; but the effort to get it at last under weigh for Peking almost reminds us of Carlyle's humorous account of the "hoisting of the Dutch," to help in the Seven Years' War. The American Colonel, Daggett, could not go on for lack of a horse, while the Japanese wanted "a little more time for preparation," oblivious of the maxim, *Periculum in mora*. The State Department at Washington, was said to have received from its representative at Taku, or Tientsin, such a discreditable account of the



The 12-pounder gun, on Captain Percy Scott's mounting, that was used so successfully in the defence of Ladysmith, was landed in China with the Naval Brigade from H.M.S. *Terrible*, and the question asked on all sides was, Would it save Tientsin? Our photograph is by a British officer.

THE GUN THAT SAVED LADYSMITH IN USE AGAIN

dissensions and bicker among the various commanders as to just its suppression.

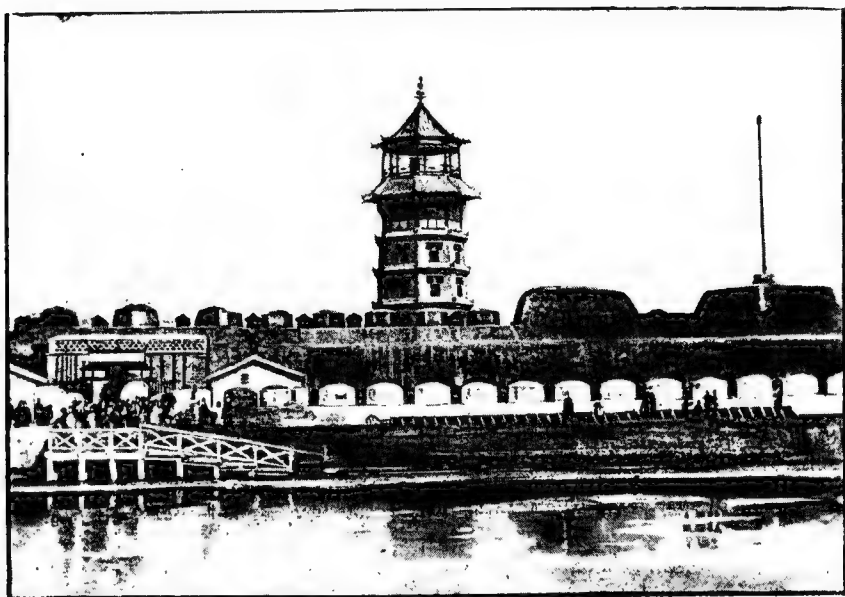
But no Fabius Cunctator was our own General Gaselee, who was foremost in pressing for an immediate advance, the troops of Indo-British column, 2,300 strong, comprising the 1st Bengal Lancers, the 24th Punjab Regiment, the 7th Bengal Infantry, the 1st Sikhs, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers from Hong Kong, and the 12th Battery of Royal Field Artillery; and we now know that the Allies—after much inevitable dissension and delay—began their advance on Saturday, the 4th inst. After some necessary reconnoitring, mainly, as it would seem, carried out by the Japanese—the Allies, 16,000 of them, at daylight on the following day were heavily engaged at Pei-tsang with the Chinese, who ultimately retreated, though not before inflicting on their assailants the very considerable loss of 1,200 in killed and wounded—a loss, as reported, which chiefly fell on the Russians and Japanese. According to another account, the Allied loss was only 400, of whom 65 were British and Indo-British, and that though the Chinese had to retreat they managed, like the Boers, to save their guns. Thus, it is clear, that the march of the Allies on Peking will by no means resolve itself into a walk over.

The Situation Elsewhere

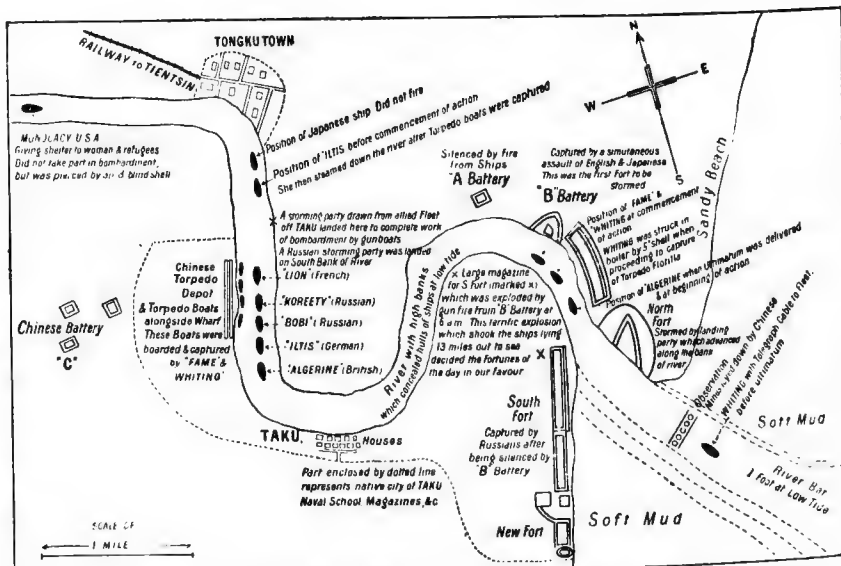
In Manchuria there has been more hard fighting between the Chinese and the Russians—something in favour of the latter, especially at Aigun, where, as the result of an action lasting over two days, the Cossacks captured two steel cannon, ammunition and flags, on one of which was written, "The people of the large fist," and on the other, "Help to exterminate the Europeans." That the work of exterminating those Europeans is being carried on briskly enough would seem to be borne out by telegrams referring to the wholesale massacre of missionaries in various parts of the Chinese Empire, though it is hard to say how far those reports can be trusted, as well as those which speak of a rapid spread of the Boxer rising. In the valley of the Yangtse, at any rate, there is a fair prospect of continued peace and security for Europeans, mainly owing to the official visit which Admiral Sir Edward Seymour has been paying to the Viceroy of Nankin, "who was very friendly," seemed anxious to maintain peace—an agreement being arrived at for maintaining order on the Yangtse. This agreement may derive much stability from the landing of 3,000 British troops for the defence of Shanghai, to which the Viceroy assented, and from presence of a considerable flotilla of warships at that port.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

The "fighting to a finish" in South Africa—which was the alike of President Kruger and his Generalissimo, Botha—has been making rapid progress during the past week; and the surrender of Harrismith to "fighting Mac," as well as the second relief of "B."



A MILITARY FORT AT TIENTSIN



THE STORMING OF THE TAKU FORTS: PLAN OF THE OPERATIONS

From a Sketch by a British Naval Officer



Machadodorp is a station 161 miles from Pretoria, 60 miles east of Middleburg, and a telegram from Lorenzo Marques states that the British forces are slowly advancing on it. Our photograph is by W. L. Atwell

MACHADODORP, TO WHICH PRESIDENT KRUGER FLED ON LEAVING PRETORIA

at Rustenburg, were brilliant sequels to the "climbing down" of Prinsloo to Sir A. Hunter at Fouriesburg. Prinsloo said that he had 5,000 burghers with him ready to surrender, and though this number at first shrank to less than 1,000, owing to the rents in the meshes of Hunter's net, it was gradually increased in the course of a few days till the total number of his prisoners fell very little short of four-fifths of his original estimate—prisoners who had horses which will form valuable and much-needed remounts for our own army in the field. Among the Boer leaders who gave themselves up were Commandants Rouse, Fontenai, Deploy, Potgieter, Joubert, and a Danish officer, Anderson, of the Staats Artillery, though the eel-like Olivier, with five guns and a certain number of burghers, again managed to escape in the direction of Harrismith—which has now surrendered to General MacDonald and his swiftly marching Highlanders, and thus opened up another line of railway communication with Natal.

Yet as a set-off against these successes Lord Roberts had to report several mishaps. Prominent among these was the killing of thirteen and the wounding of thirty-nine men of the Shropshire Light Infantry by the derailing of a supply train on the Krugersdorp-Potchefstroom Railway—in spite of the fact that Smith-Dorrien had detached a special patrol to prevent any train passing over damaged parts of the line, so that it was no wonder a court of inquiry assembled to ascertain why this order was not carried out. Near Kroonstad, too, another train was derailed by the Boers—four men being killed, three wounded, and about forty taken prisoners, including Colonel Lord Agernon Lennox, the bearer of important despatches from Sir A. Milner to Lord Roberts; though these, curious to say, were left intact, and at the request of the American Consul-General, Mr. Stowe, who was also a passenger by the train, Lord Agernon was released by the Boers as well as the forty other prisoners—two officers only being detained. Soon after the mishap to Smith-Dorrien's train at Frederickstad, a Boer had the impudence to come into his camp from that of Commandant Liebeberg and demand the surrender of his force or he would attack within an hour. "Before a reply could be returned, a heavy fire was opened on Smith-Dorrien's pickets from the Potchefstroom direction. Smith-Dorrien had no difficulty in beating off the enemy before the arrival of Lord Methuen, to whom he had signalled to come to his assistance. His losses were two killed and seven wounded. The brunt of the attack fell on the City Imperial Volunteer Battalion and the Suffolk and Bucks Yeomanry. The former were most ably handled by Colonel McKinnon, and did excellent work, as they always have done."

Further to the north the Berkshires and Argyll and Sutherlands, under Ian Hamilton, brushed away the Boers holding the Magaliesberg range, and thus opened one way towards Rustenburg, which was relieved by Sir Frederick Carrington, the enemy retiring towards Zeerust. Indeed, the whole war chronicle of the week shows that the Boers are now "nothing more than a nuisance," no longer an enemy in the ordinary sense of the term; and when Lord Kitchener has completed his task of cornering De Wet south of the Vaal the heart for further resistance will probably quit General Botha and imbue him with the spirit of wisdom which caused his wife to accept the dinner hospitality of Lord Roberts at Pretoria.



The Scottish Regiments' Gift Fund has been able to forward about twenty thousand specially designed tins, each containing a quarter of a pound of tobacco, and also twenty thousand pipes to the soldiers serving in Scottish regiments in South Africa. The committee have also shipped a large number of consignments of clothing and comforts received from all parts of the Kingdom. The Queen has been pleased to express her approval of the work done by the committee in the following letter, written by Sir Arthur Bigge:—"I am directed by the Queen to thank you for the specimen of tins containing tobacco, twenty thousand of which have been sent to the non-commissioned officers and men of Scottish regiments in South Africa, which you have been good enough to submit for Her Majesty's acceptance. At the same time the Queen congratulates the Scottish Regiments' Gift Fund Committee on the success of their generous and patriotic work."

THE DESIGN ON THE LID OF TOBACCO TINS SENT TO THE SCOTTISH REGIMENTS

"China and the Present Crisis"

It is hardly to be expected that a Liberal member of the House of Commons should look with favour upon the foreign policy of the present Government, but for all that Mr. Walton cannot be accused of allowing his Party feelings to influence his opinions regarding the Chinese questions, as expressed by him in the volume before us. He does but emphasize the remarks of Mr. Colquhoun and other writers whose knowledge of China and the Chinese, resulting from a longer acquaintance with and residence in that country, is more

months' notice at 20 per cent. premium." In an interview with Mr. Wright, the resident engineer, Mr. Walton learnt that:—

Chang-yi, the new Chinese official appointed as the head of the railway—which, though it is being built with British money by British engineers is a Chinese Government railway—is still giving the chief engineer, Mr. Kinder, very great trouble. He is anxious that the line should be sold to Russia. The Russians are causing considerable difficulty by sending men down to try and tempt away foremen and skilled workmen both from Shanghai workshops and dockyards, and from the construction works of Neuchwang Extension Line.

In the south of China we are allowing France to play very much the same game as Russia is playing in the north. Mr. Walton travelled some 3,200 miles up the Yangtse River into Szechuan, the most western province of the "Celestial Empire." Of the political and commercial situation in that province he says:—

The inhabitants are exceptionally prosperous, and the volume of trade is likely to increase phenomenally. We have an agreement with France, of January, 1896, in which each nation pledges itself to use its best offices to obtain for the other greater facilities to trade in Yunnan and Szechuan on equal terms and conditions. I find, however, that France has entirely disregarded that agreement; that she is energetically seeking not only exclusive rights and privileges for herself, but also to prevent our obtaining similar advantages. France is represented by able diplomatists who are most active, and the whole province is covered by missions under French Jesuit priests, who give invaluable assistance to their countrymen by the commercial, geological and political information they convey to them. The power and influence of the fathers with the Chinese is immense. They have made a geological survey of the whole province, and the French Government are demanding of the Chinese Government the exclusive right to work minerals in six of the richest districts as compensation for attacks made upon their missionaries. The French have also a considerable number of engineers surveying in order to ascertain the best railway route from Tonquin through Yunnan into Szechuan. They are actively engaged in constructing the southern part of the line, and have already railway material on the ground for continuing it northward. The French Government are determined, apparently, thus to tap the trade of south-west China ahead of us in the hope not of sharing with but excluding us.

We, on the other hand, who ought to have started building a railway from Burma to Chung King, on the Yangtse, two years ago, have done absolutely nothing.

Duke of Marlborough Mr. Ford Barclay (Kitchener's Horse) Dr. Cheatele Capt. Howard (East Kent Yeomanry)
Sir Charles Ross Lord Edmund Talbot (11th Hussars) Duke of Norfolk Commander Fortescue, R.N.
Mr. Murray Guthrie, M.P.



Mr. Battersby (Morning Post) Capt. Chaplin (10th Hussars) Lady Sarah Wilson Major Nugent
Lieut. Noble (Oxfordshire Imp. Yeom.) Lady Arthur Grosvenor Capt. Davenport (A.D.C. Sir Alfred Milner)

BACK FROM THE WAR: A GROUP ON BOARD THE SS. "BRITON"

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

extensive and deeper than his. All of them are unanimous in crying out against the policy of inaction that has been followed by the British Government in the past, a policy that has allowed other nations to over-ride treaties, to push forward their own schemes; in fact, to prejudice in every possible way British influence and to injure British trade. It is only to be hoped that when a settlement of affairs takes place that we shall show a firm hand and not allow ourselves to be "bluffed" out of our rights as we have been in the past. Another point on which these writers agree is that our representatives in the Far East should be allowed more freedom of action. As it is the officials of other nations have almost unlimited power, whilst ours can do nothing without appealing to the Home Government, a proceeding that not only entails a great loss of time when immediate action is necessary, but often allows of others acquiring those nine points of the law which possession carries with it.

Last year Mr. Walton journeyed to China, Japan and Korea with the object of ascertaining on the spot and from the best authorities what the actual political and commercial situation really was. He interviewed all the high officials, British, Russian, and Chinese, with whom he came in contact, with the result that, on his return to England, he was able to bring a severe, but by no means an unjustifiable indictment against the Government for their failure to uphold British political and commercial interests in China.

At Newchwang, the termini of both the British and Russian railways, he first noted the effect of our rival's aggressive but eminently successful policy. The Russian terminus is on the same side of the river as the town, and has at its back the rich country of Manchuria from which to draw its traffic, whilst we are relegated to a malarial swamp on the south side of the river. Russia is very anxious to get control of the Newchwang Extension Line, and "it is reported that they are already buying up these railway bonds in the London market, and before many years are over it is possible that they will be in possession of the railway right down to Peking, as the English bondholders can be paid off at any time by three

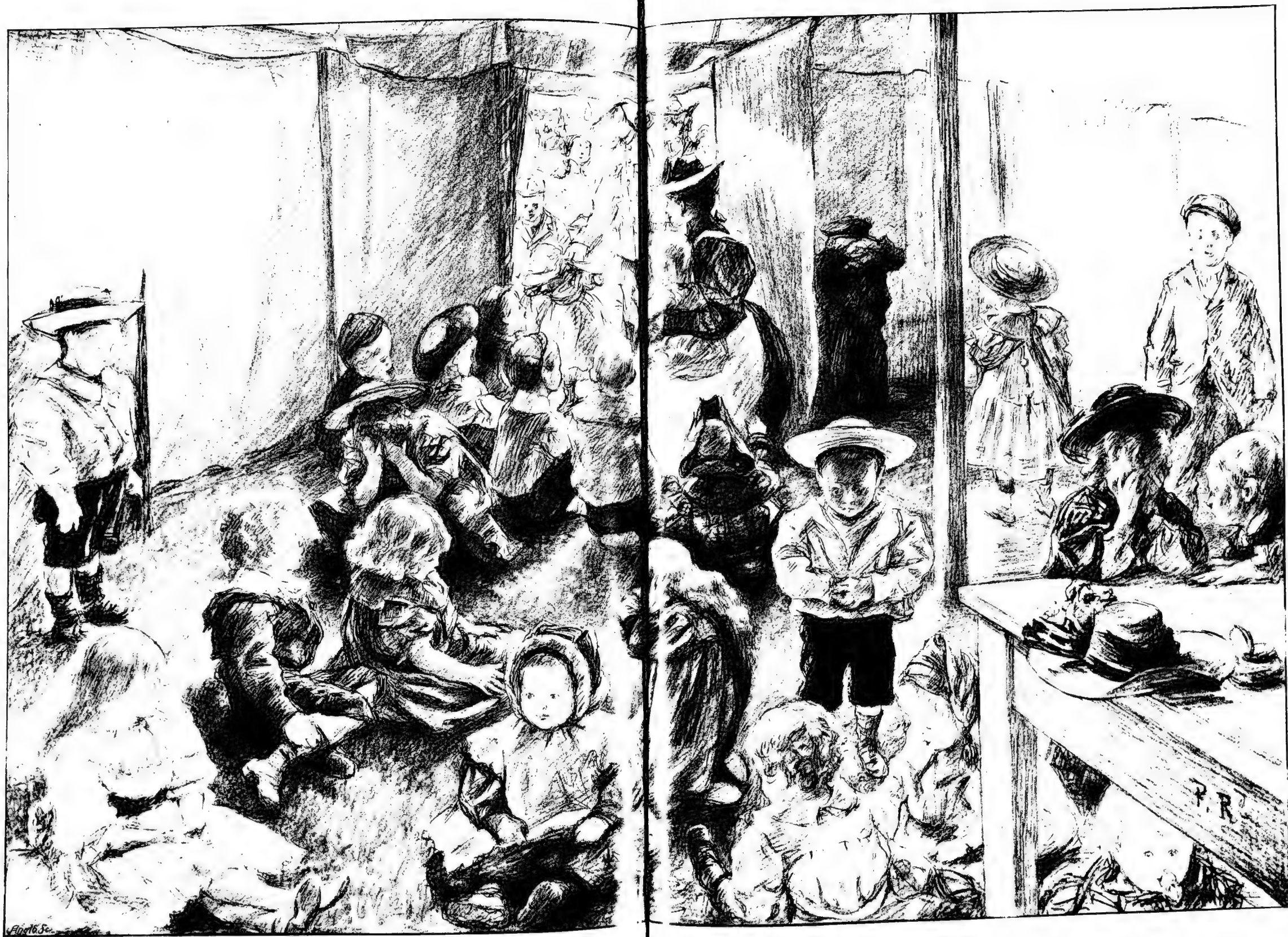
"China and the Present Crisis." By Joseph Walton, M.P. (Sampson Low.

The Late Venerable Archdeacon Furse, M.A., J.P.

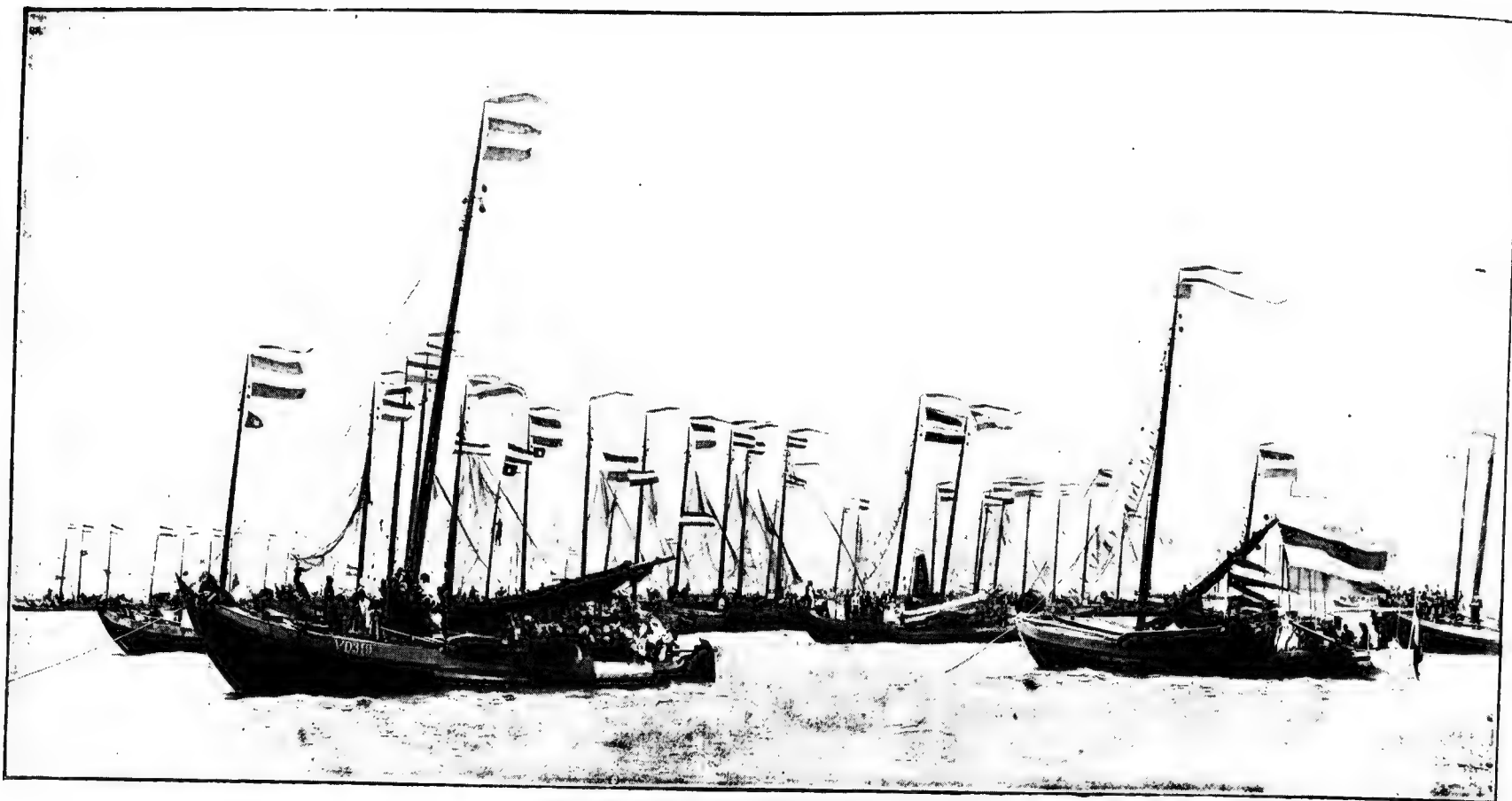
THE Venerable Archdeacon Furse, M.A., J.P., succeeded to the Archdeaconry of Westminster vacated by Dr. Farrar on his appointment to the Deanery of Canterbury. He was a student at Balliol College, Oxford, and graduated in 1847, being ordained the following year. Having been successively curate of Clewer, lecturer of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, curate of Christ Church, Albany Street, and of Egham, he became vicar of Staines in 1863—a position which he held for ten years. In 1870 he was appointed chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Mackarness), and became an honorary canon of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1873. From 1876 to 1883 he was Principal of Cuddesdon College and Vicar and Rural Dean of Cuddesdon. In 1883 he was presented to a canonry of Westminster, in conjunction with which he held the rectory of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, until 1894. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons.



THE LATE VEN. C. W. FURSE
Archdeacon of Westminster



"LOST" ON BANK HOLIDAY: WAITING IDENTIFICATION IN THE CARE OF THE POLICE ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH
DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUART



THE FLEET DRAWN UP TO RECEIVE THE ROYAL VISITORS

From a Photograph by B. Groote and Co., Amsterdam



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

HER MAJESTY ON BOARD A VOLENDAM SMACK

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY B. GROOTE AND CO., AMSTERDAM

One afternoon last week Queen Wilhelmina and the Queen-Mother held a review on the Zuyder Zee of the Dutch fishing fleet, numbering some 2,000 sailing boats. Great enthusiasm prevailed in spite of the weather, which was cloudy and rainy with a strong wind. As Her Majesty was rowed out from the shore

to the Royal Yacht all the smacks ran up flags — the red, white and blue of Holland, a pennant and a small flag denoting their respective fleets. The Royal Yacht sailed between the lines of smacks, and Her Majesty, with her Royal Mother, went on board some of the vessels, to the great delight of the fisherfolk

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND REVIEWING THE DUTCH FISHING FLEET

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

PARLIAMENT was prorogued on Wednesday, members parting with pained uncertainty as to whether they should meet again. Through the Session the shadow of Dissolution has darkened the House of Commons. Very early in its progress alarm was created by a statement, made upon no less authority than that of the Chairman of Committees, fixing the date of Dissolution for July. When July came and went without sign of sudden end members began to think that, after all, they might see the year out, meeting again in February, the Dissolution being decreed on the eve of the Budget. Even so recently as last week the odds were heavy against General Election in the late autumn. Suddenly, on the night before the Prorogation, there was a cry of alarm, and the prospect of Dissolution even as early as September was recognised in some well-informed quarters.

The signal came from the Scottish Camp. Amongst many surviving anachronisms in the electoral law the date of the Register widely differs on either side of the Tweed. In England and Wales the new Register comes into force on January 1. In Scotland it is operative on November 1. Obviously, if the original plan credited Ministers were carried out and the Dissolution ordered in October, the election in Scotland must needs be taken on the new Register. It is an old electioneering principle that a poll taken on an old Register works to the advantage of the Conservative Party. The working man, whose vote is in the main given to Liberal candidates, is of migratory habits. A large percentage are certain to

importance. By a pleasing device familiar to Ministers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer added one on his own account. On Tuesday morning the subscription list of the War Loan was withdrawn before eleven o'clock. Leisurely people walking down to the Bank with their applications and their cheques were aghast at this early closing movement. Sir M. Hicks-Beach found it necessary that he should rise to explain. Accordingly Mr. Cohen was instructed to put a question which drew elaborate reply. Half the Loan, it appears, has been placed in the United States. The other moiety was snapped up by the earliest batch of letters opened, and in order to avoid trouble and disappointment the list was closed. Sir Michael attempted to comfort disappointed applicants with the assurance that their non-success would contribute to the welfare of their country, since the placing of the Loan in America would result in a much-needed influx of capital, to the relief of the perturbed Bank of England, which finds its reserves smaller than they have been at any time during the last seven years.

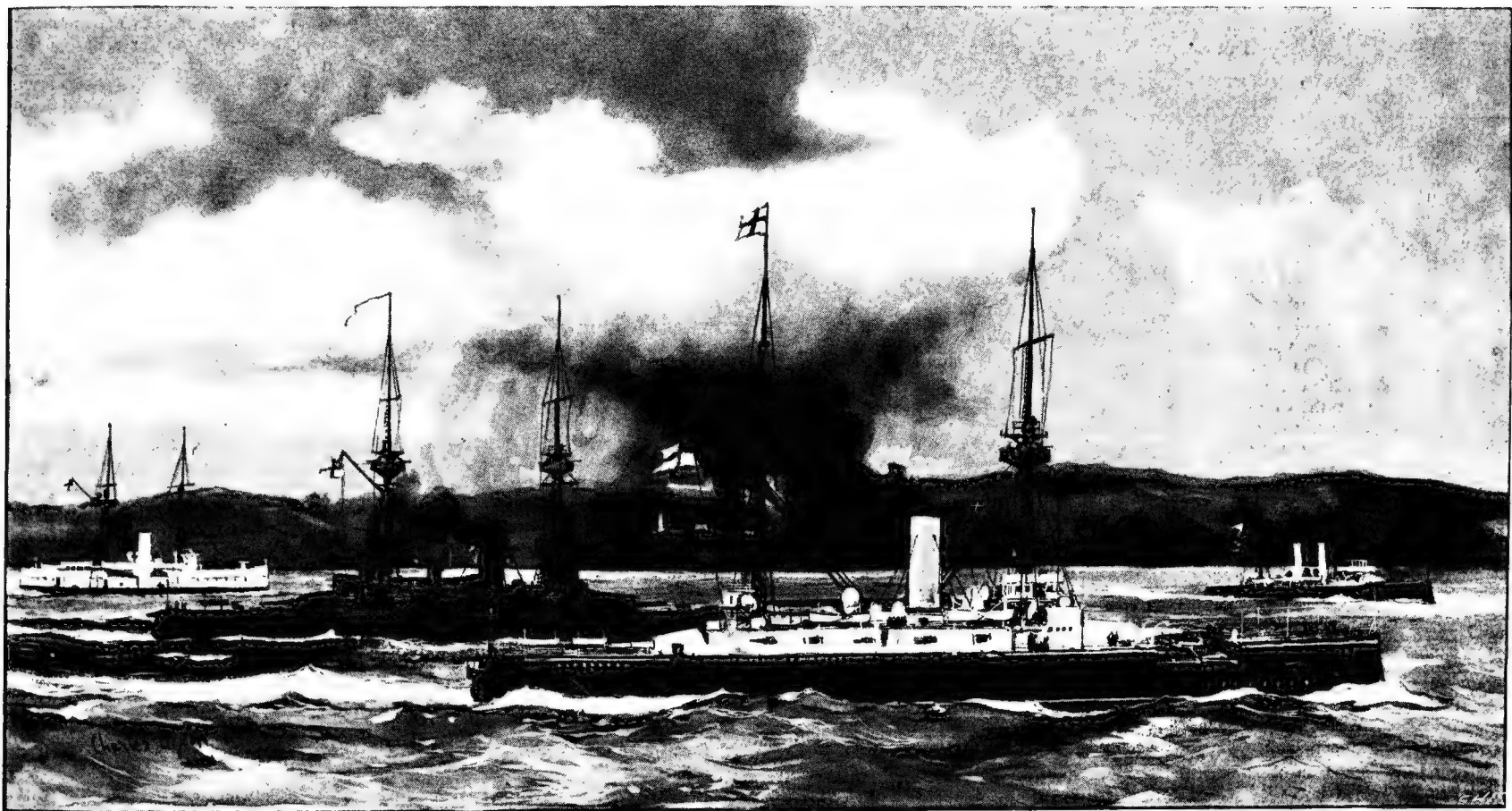
Another important answer was given by Mr. Chamberlain. It sets forth, in that direct manner of which he is master, the policy of Her Majesty's Government to be enforced in South Africa on the termination of the war. To begin with, the two Boer Republics will be annexed. Secondly, there will be established a temporary Government supported by military force, as a preliminary to the ultimate extension to both Colonies of representative self-government. The Colonial Secretary was able to add that Canada and the Australian Colonies, having been consulted on a question round which they have bravely fought, were fully in accord with this scheme. It will be observed that, whether the General Election is contemplated in the autumn or the spring, here, plainly set forth for the consideration of the elector, is the policy the Government intend to pursue in South Africa.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

AN interesting article on "The Chances of Chamberlain" could be written for one of the periodicals. In every club and at every dinner the subject is discussed with an earnestness which shows how much interest the career of the Secretary of State for the Colonies excites. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is sixty-three, he is a Liberal-Unionist, and his name acts as a red-rag does on a bull on many in England and on more on the Continent. Moreover, it is the Conservative element in the electorate that is in the majority, and there are Lord Salisbury and Mr. Arthur Balfour who certainly block the way to power, and possibly the Duke of Devonshire. On the other hand, the impression that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is an exceptionally strong man is spreading rapidly throughout the country, and his is, undoubtedly, the best known personality amongst the British statesmen of the moment.

Before the autumn closes—unless the unforeseen occurs—Lord Roberts will have returned to England, having successfully accomplished the task which he consented to attempt. His fellow-countrymen must not forget that he returned to active service when an old man, and when in deep distress at the loss of his only son. At the call of duty Lord Roberts consented to hazard the reputation he had gained in a long career in circumstances which were especially discouraging. It is to be hoped that the nation will present to him some gift to testify its gratitude. If that offering is



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

FROM A SKETCH BY D. WATERS

During the Naval Manœuvres H.M.S. *Retribution* joined the "A" Fleet off Roche's Point, Queenstown, and signalled the death of the Duke of Coburg to the Flagship

THE NAVY AND THE LATE DUKE OF COBURG: SIGNALLING THE SAD NEWS TO THE SHIPS OF THE "A" FLEET

have changed their place of residence between the period of two registrations. Accordingly an election taken in November on a Register fixed, as is the case, in October of the previous year disfranchises tens of thousands of men who might be expected to swell the poll of Liberal candidates.

On Tuesday a Scottish Ministerial member received a broad hint that with a view to catching the Scotch Liberal Elector on the hop the Dissolution might be gazetted in September, so that the elections could be over in Scotland before the new Register was workable. The news spread like wildfire, the flames fanned by a curious reply given by the Under Secretary for War to a question casually addressed to him. Asked whether, in the event of a General Election, railway warrants would be issued to men doing duty with the colours in order that they might record their votes, Mr. Lyndham replied that in the event of a General Election the question would have to be considered. "In fact," he added, "it has been considered this morning, and I hope an announcement may shortly be made."

In the excited condition following on the communication to the Scotch member alluded to, members were quick in putting two and two together, and were not surprised to find they made four. If the War Office had that very morning been engaged in considering an important question affecting the franchise, it was clear the General Election was near at hand. If it was not due till the spring of 1901, Lord Lansdowne and his advisers would not be spending upon it the morning of August 7, 1900.

Apart from this sudden and, to outsiders, inexplicable Dissolution scare, the House of Commons in the closing days of the Session woke up with surprising vigour. On the day preceding the Dissolution there were upwards of four-score questions on the paper, and, more remarkable still, the odd four were of prime public

Lost on Hampstead Heath

WITHIN a hundred yards or so of the spot on Hampstead Heath where the Bank Holiday crowd is thickest and the fun is fastest and most furious, stands the police tent, in charge of a police-sergeant and a motherly person, whose special duty it is to take care of lost and strayed children. The tent is a capacious one, large enough to accommodate at the same time the twenty or thirty children who represent the average number lost on Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath; but its capacity is never put to the test, as many children are claimed almost immediately, and the number actually in custody at one time is much fewer. On being brought in, either by the police or by friendly persons who have taken compassion upon them, the children's names and addresses, with a description of their clothing, are entered in a register by the sergeant on duty, and they are then left to their own devices for the rest of the day or until such time as their friends arrive to claim them. Once inside the tent, to which they are often brought in a very refractory mood, the children take the matter of being lost very calmly, the older boys playing about the tent, while the younger ones and the girls soon make friends with the female attendant and cluster round her. The tent is so well known that frequently the parents in search of their children get there in advance of the lost ones, or else they may arrive simultaneously, and then perhaps a discussion arises with the sergeant as to whether the child or any portion of the child crossed the threshold of the tent before being claimed, for in such cases the regulations demand that the child shall be duly registered, and the British policeman, as all the world knows, is a stickler for the letter of the law. At half-past seven o'clock the tent is closed, and the children who still remain are taken to the police-station.

to take the shape of a sword of honour it is not too soon now to give the suggestion life, and it is to be hoped that some public-spirited persons will take the matter in hand.

Private letters from officers in South Africa are full of evidences that it is generally expected there that the return of the troops will now not be long delayed. Many of them write instructing friends to stop supplies of small luxuries, which is an obvious sign that they believe their store of these to be sufficient for their needs. The return of those regiments which it is not necessary to retain in South Africa will be the signal for an outburst of public rejoicing such as has not been seen in this country during our generation. Every regiment will have an enthusiastic reception both on landing and on reaching its depot. It must be remarked that the Colonial officers and men who will be picked to visit England will have no special organisation to welcome them, and it is to be hoped that the Lord Mayor of London will take them under his protection and make it his duty to see that they shall not feel homeless when in the capital of the Empire for which they have fought so gallantly.

Now that some of the more enterprising vestries have put on the streets motor-water-carts and motor-dust-carts, it is surely time that the fire brigade should turn their attention to the advantages offered by motor-fire-engines. It is undeniable that these would travel faster, and that they would take less time to start for their destination than the ordinary engines—that is if propelled by electricity. They could be so constructed as to enable them to be drawn by horses should the motor become suddenly deranged. A motor fire-escape could also be easily constituted, and such an appliance might lead to the saving of thousands of lives.



CAPTAIN C. J. K. MAGUIRE
Killed at Diamond Hill



MR. J. E. MCMASTER
British Consul assassinated at Beira



LIEUTENANT L. K. BROUNLIE
Killed at Kokofu, Ashanti



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. W. LAKE
Died at Bloemfontein of Bright's disease



LIEUTENANT E. W. M. N. NOEL
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein

War Portraits

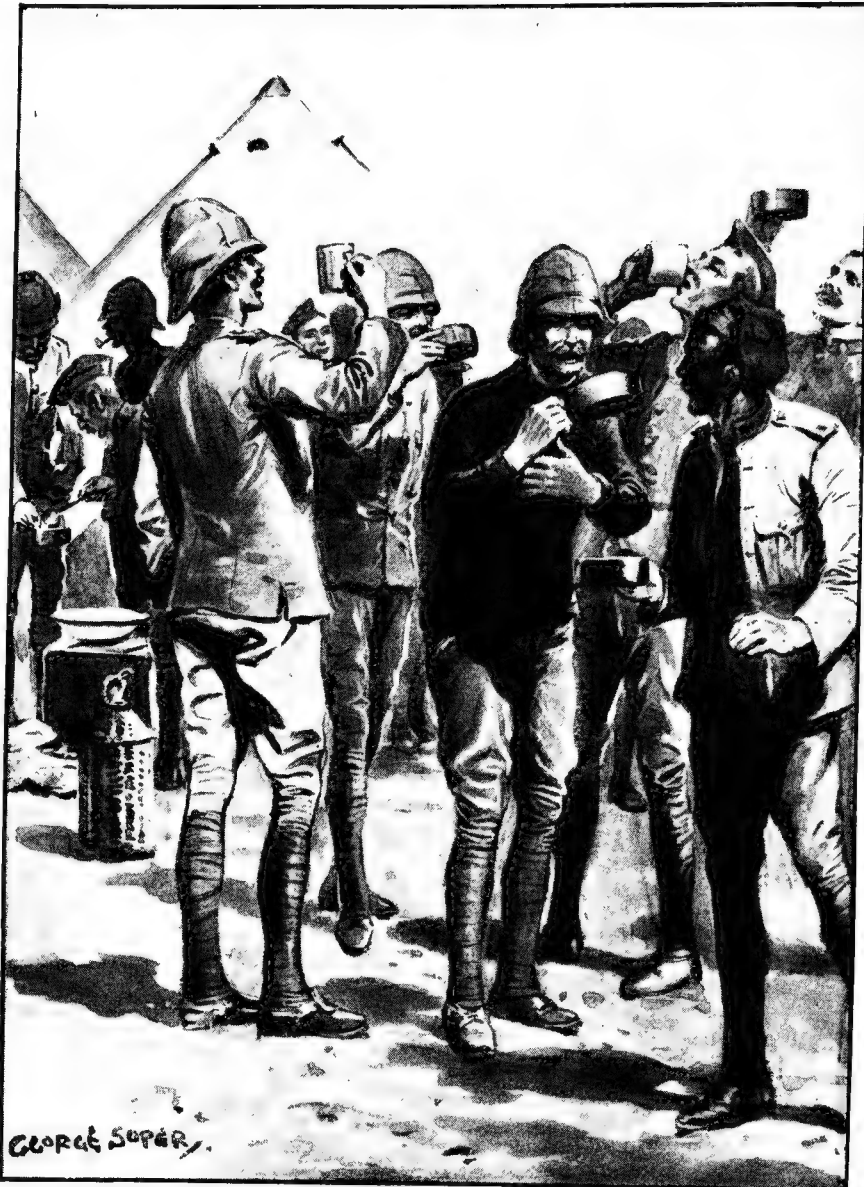
LIEUTENANT E. W. M. N. NOEL, of the 2nd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, was the eldest son of Colonel Frederick Noel, R.E., commanding the troops in Zululand. Lieutenant Noel was born March 18, 1866, and died of enteric at Bloemfontein on May 19, 1900. He was gazetted to the 2nd Gloucesters January 20 this year, after leaving Sandhurst, and received his promotion to lieutenant in April. He was grandson of the late Colonel Edward Noel, late 31st Regiment, and one of H.M. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Our portrait is by Ernest White, Cheltenham.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Wellington Lake, of the Militia Medical Staff Corps (Volunteer Company Royal Army Medical Corps), who died at Bloemfontein of Bright's disease, was educated at St. Thomas's Hospital, and was admitted a licentiate of the Royal College of Apothecaries in 1876, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, in 1877. He had been Surgeon-Major of the Militia Medical Staff Corps since July 24, 1898, and, having volunteered for service in South Africa, went out with the Volunteer Company of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel on February 14 last. He was formerly obstetric house physician at St. Thomas's Hospital, house physician at the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, and he had seen active service in the field as a surgeon in the Ottoman Army, having the Medal and the Fourth Class of the Medjidie for his services during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8. The deceased, though he did not practise, held many public appointments. He was the author of many valuable papers in the professional journals. Our portrait is by R. W. Elliott, Aldershot.

Captain Charles James Kinahan Maguire, Royal Sussex Regiment, who was killed at Diamond Hill, was a son of the Dean of Bangor, co. Down. He had seen eight years' service.

Lieutenant Louis Kossuth Brounlie, 3rd West India Regiment, was killed in the attack on Kokofu, Ashanti, on the 3rd inst. He joined as second lieutenant in September, 1897, and became lieutenant on March 21, 1898.

Mr. Joseph Edward McMaster, the British Consul at Beira, who was seriously stabbed by an American



GEORGE SUPER.

On special occasions rum is served out to the troops and loyal toasts are drunk with enthusiasm. The men here shown are enjoying the unwonted luxury after undergoing many trials at Wepener, in the endeavour to pacify that quarter of the Free State. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant F. Summers

CELEBRATING A VICTORY

from Mashonaland, died from the effects of an attack. The announcement of his death was contained in Lord Roberts's despatch from 1900, dated the 19th ult. Mr. McMaster served in the British Central Africa Protectorate from 1893; was Acting Consul at Blantyre from March 1895, to March 21, 1896; appointed Vice-Consul for the British Central Africa Protectorate at Blantyre, September 5, 1896; transferred to Chinde, February 22, 1897; and appointed Consul at Quilimane, August 1, 1897. He was Acting Consul at Mozambique from December 18, 1897, to May 19, 1898. On November 1, 1898, he was promoted to be Consul at Beira, for the Portuguese district of Zambesia, with the exception of the parts above the junction of the Shire and the Zambesi and the port and British concession of Chinde.

The Ashanti Rising

If events in South Africa or China had not been of such absorbing interest, it is certain that much more would have been heard of the plucky stand made by the Kumassi garrison, of Sir Frederic Hodgson's wonderful escape, and of the relief of the beleaguered force in the face of enormous difficulties by Colonel Willcocks. It was in May last that the first advance to the relief of Kumassi was made, and it soon became evident that the resistance to be encountered was of no ordinary kind. In addition to the difficulties attending a march through a fever-stricken country in the rainy season—and the rains were unusually heavy this year—the whole route was lined with a well-armed enemy who had taken every advantage offered by the almost impenetrable jungle through which our force had to fight its way—trees thrown across the roads, stockades constructed at intervals, and platforms built on the trees for fire from. At the beginning of June one detachment, the relieving force, under Captain Hall, had penetrated as far as Beckwai, almost within striking distance of Kumassi, and here a junction was effected with Colonel Carter, who had come from Kwisa in command of another detachment, but at Dampoassi the rebels were discovered in a strongly fortified position, and after a protracted fight, in which our troops sustained severe losses, they were forced to retire on Kwisa.

Kumassi had been garrisoned since May 15 by seven hundred native troops under Major Moran D.S.O., and by the third week in June the supply food had run so short that there were only rats



DRAGGING WOOD TO THE WAGGON



LOADING THE WAGGON

WITH LORD METHUEN AT BOSHOFF: A FATIGUE PARTY COLLECTING WOOD FOR CAMP FIRES

From Photographs by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT EDWARDS, R.A.W.A.F.F.

Colonel Carter's column met with very heavy fighting at the beginning of last month near Sherimasi. The fighting here illustrated lasted half an hour, Colonel Carter directing the operations. The Colonel's orderly was shot in the head, but continued firing. Just to the left of Colonel Carter the regimental

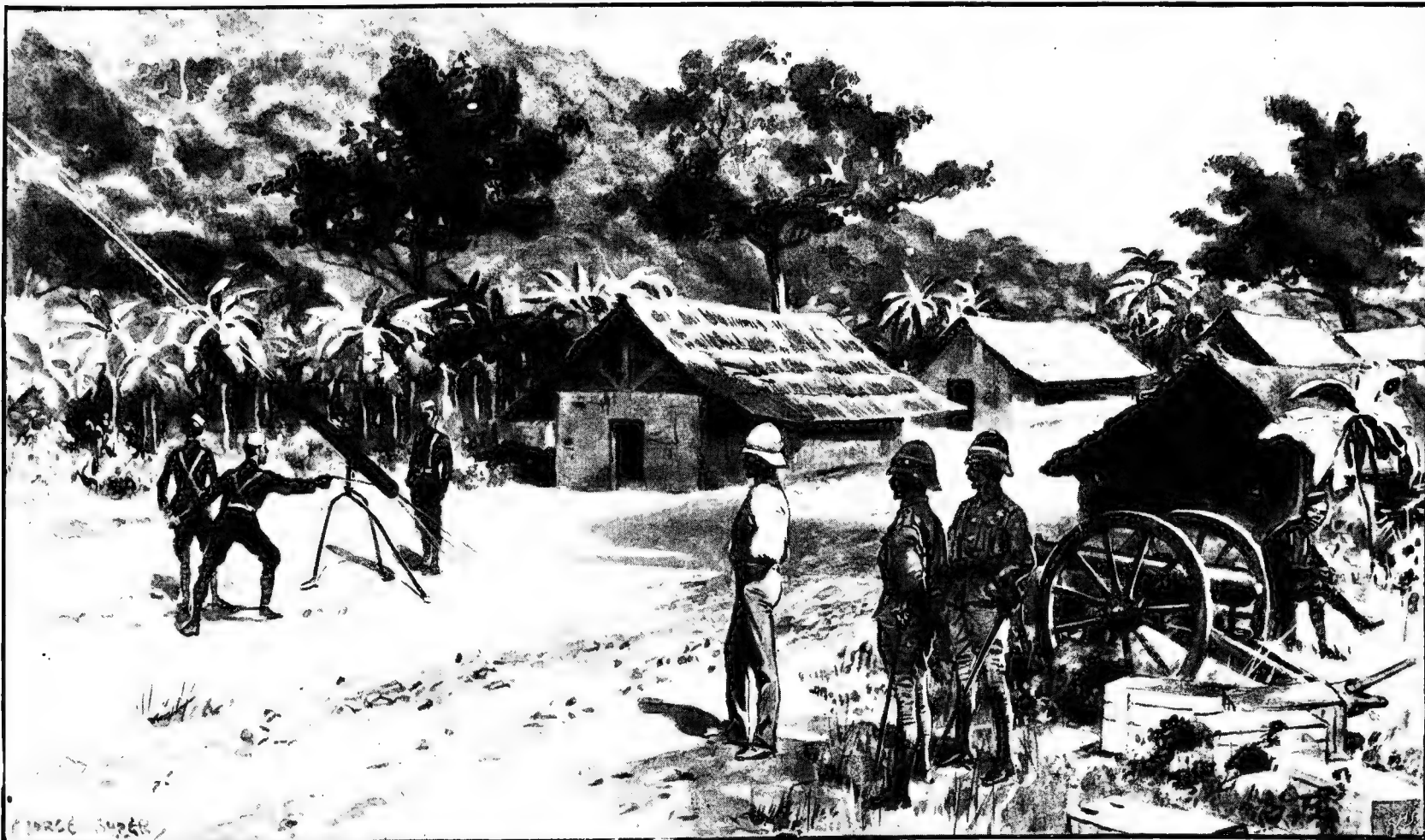
sergeant-major of the 3rd West African F.F. was killed, yet no enemy was visible. The losses among the Imperial troops amounted to four killed and eight wounded. Pushing forward to Sherimasi village the column encamped for the night

COLONEL CARTER DIRECTING THE FORCE DURING AN ATTACK ON HIS ADVANCE COLUMN

left for three and a half days. It was evident that the relief columns could not arrive in that time, and therefore Sir Frederic Hodgson determined to make an attempt to push his way out through the rebel force. Leaving one hundred men to guard the fort with the bulk of their remaining food supplies, he started on June 23 with Lady Hodgson and a column six hundred strong, and in three days the force reached Ekwanta, after fighting nearly all the time and enduring terrible hardships. At Ekwanta they halted two

days to recruit and then made their way to the coast. It was not till July 15 that Colonel Willcocks was able to relieve Kumassi, which he accomplished after a two days' running fight with an almost invisible foe, ending with the successful attack and dislodgment of the enemy from four stockades which they had built within a mile of the town. In this engagement the Yoruba soldiers of the West African Field Force especially distinguished themselves. The scene on entering Kumassi is described by Colonel

Willcocks as sickening in the extreme, nothing being visible but burnt-down houses and putrid bodies, the latter reaching right up to the walls of the fort. Most of our native soldiers forming the garrison were too ill to stand, and the British officers declared they could not possibly have held out many days longer. Two days later Colonel Willcocks left Kumassi, carrying with him the old garrison in hammocks and leaving behind him one hundred native soldiers under Captain Eden with ample supplies of food and ammunition.



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT EDWARDS, R.A.W.A.F.F.

After occupying the village a couple of rockets and a shrapnel shell were fired at the enemy, who could now be seen retiring up a hill, but they disappeared almost immediately into the thick bush. It is the exception to see the Ashanti in the bush, writes our correspondent, "and the absence of any war cries from them would make it hard to believe that an action is in progress, but for

the stubborn fact that now and then one of your men is bowled over—generally with a slug or two in his head or the upper part of his body." Colonel Carter has lately returned to England—invalided home with several of his officers

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT: FIRING A PARTING ROCKET AT THE RETREATING ENEMY FROM SHERIMASI VILLAGE

THE FIGHTING IN ASHANTI

Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THE Exhibition is now complete. We have a strike of the Paris cabmen. Until that has come off every Parisian has an uneasy sense that something is wanting. The lacuna has now been filled, and that mighty and independent individual, the *cocher ne fiacre*, has hung up his whip and is going about shouting, "*Vive le grève*," and spending still more time (if that be possible) in the Paris wine-shops. Of course the authorities have taken the usual steps to maintain order—that is to say, they have ordered out the troops, and all the depots of the cab companies, the railway stations, and other points where cabs congregate are militarily occupied.

This sort of thing always makes a strike in Paris picturesque, but it is apt to make a bad impression on the foreign visitor, who at once imagines that Paris is in a state of siege, and that all kinds of catastrophes are going to happen, ignorant of the fact that it is merely due to a French desire to *faire acte d'autorité*, and that when in London we would add a couple of hundred men to the police reserves, in France they bring out an army corps. The soldiers being at hand in the barracks, in the opinion of the Government they may as well be mounting guard at a cab depot or a railway station as lounging in the barrack yard.

This is all very well from a French point of view, but, as I have said, its effect on the Exhibition visitor is deplorable. When one arrives from London and finds the Gare St. Lazare in possession of the military, horse and foot, one immediately concludes that a revolution or something of the sort is imminent, and never dreams that all this force has been brought out to keep a few hundred cabmen in order. Public sympathy is all against the men. They only pay at present 15s. a day for the hire of their cabs, and any coachman who gives himself the slightest trouble can easily earn double. This, however, does not suit *Monsieur le cocher de Paris*. His ambition is to work a couple of hours a day, charge his customer triple or quadruple the legal fare, and then spend the rest of his time discussing the political situation in his favourite wineshop.

The departure of the Shah is being witnessed with genuine regret by the Parisians. They felt grateful to Muzaffer-ed-Din because he was the first reigning Sovereign to visit Paris, absolutely officially. The King of Norway and Sweden managed to introduce a kind *demi-semi-incognito* into his visit which deprived it of its absolutely official character. The Shah, however, made no conditions, and was as official as official could be. Unfortunately, too, Salsor has given an added value to the visit by rendering it in all probability the first and last official one paid by a reigning Sovereign. There is now little chance of the King of Spain putting in an appearance, and the Tsar's visit is more problematical than ever. The only thing that renders the latter possible is that it is rumoured that Russia is going to float a loan of a milliard in the autumn, and it has been noted that the issue of a Russian loan has generally been associated with some mark of Russia's friendship, and the Tsar having once been in Paris no smaller pledge of friendship than his reappearance is likely to aid the plans of his Minister of Finance.

Meanwhile, the Exhibition keeps on the even and uneventful tenour of its way. It continues to draw large crowds, but refuses obstinately to "boom." The visitors throng the palaces and pavilions, eat their frugal repasts on the grass or in the cheap restaurants, and leave the "side shows" and the high-class restaurants severely alone. The heat caused a certain falling off in the



SIR MAURICE FITZGERALD'S "SATANITA": WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S CUP AT COWES

From a Photograph by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth

number of visitors, and now this week we have had the rain. The Parisian *restaurateurs*, café proprietors and theatrical managers are anxiously casting up their balance-sheets and looking abroad for the long-expected invasion of the wealthy foreigner which the school vacations were supposed to bring about.

However, there has been found a manager bold enough to risk a new venture, and even in this troublous time to open a new attraction. This is a Frenchified form of Savage South Africa. This occupies the grounds of the "Giant Columbia Theatre," one of the many failures of the Exhibition which was forced to close its doors a couple of months ago. "*L'Afrique Sauvage*," as the French version of the Earl's Court show is called, has not been here long enough to show what its success will be, but there seems to be enough energy behind it. It began well by getting a lion hunt with five real lions forbidden by the authorities. After giving the necessary guarantees for the safety of the public this has now been permitted, and will doubtless have the success that anything that has been "censored" in France always has.

Musical Notes

THE CARL ROSA COMPANY

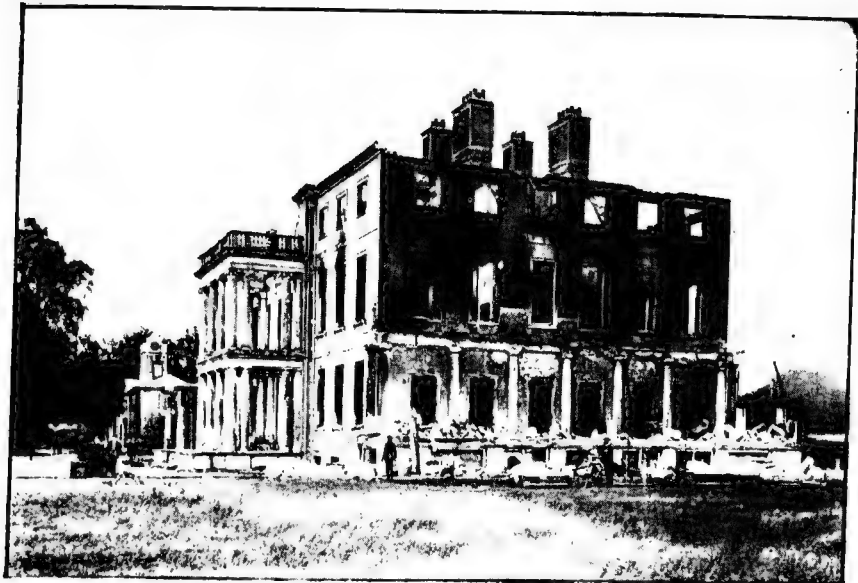
THE Carl Rosa Troupe, which has partially reconstructed, began at Eastbourne on Bank Holiday a provincial tour which, it is hoped, will till late into the spring. There will be at least two novelties of large proportions on this tour, namely, Gounod's *Cinq Mars*, Goldmark's *Cricket on the Hearth*. The former is not one of Gounod's most popular works, although it is, of course, possible that the verdict of France may be reversed by Britain. The opera was produced at the Paris Opéra Comique twenty-four years ago, and the libretto is based on a novel by Alfred de Ligny. It is based on the lines of "Marion Delorme," who, incidentally, is one of the chief characters in the play. Another is Cardinal Richelieu. Goldmark's opera, of course, suggested by Dickens's story, and was produced in Vienna about three years ago. At one time there was a talk of producing it in German on the stage of Covent Garden, but the matter fell through. The Carl Rosa Company have been largely reinforced for this tour, and among the new singers are Mr. Julius Walther, an American tenor of German descent, Miss A. Révy, a soprano, who has already tried her tune on the concert stage in London, and a mezzo-soprano, Miss Yulisse Harrison, who, although she comes from Canada, is really of direct Scotch descent. This week's programmes at Eastbourne include *Faust*, *Carmen*, *Maritana*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, that is to say, the regular standard operas now most popular in the provinces.

BAYREUTH FESTIVAL

There is no Festival this year at Bayreuth, a fact which Madame Wagner probably now regrets, as Europe is overrun with wealthy Americans who have come more particularly for the Paris Exhibition, and who, as experience has shown, are among the most constant patrons of the Wagner celebrations. Preparations are, however, already in progress for the Wagner Festival of next year, and several young singers have taken up their holiday quarters at Bayreuth in order to study the special parts for next summer. The programmes have now been settled. The chief revival will be *Tristan und Isolde*, which, by the way, before he goes to America M. Jean de Reszké hopes to revive in Paris with Frau Ternina as Isolde. At Bayreuth *Tristan* will probably be heard about half a dozen times. There will also be half a dozen or more representations of *Parsifal* and two cycles of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

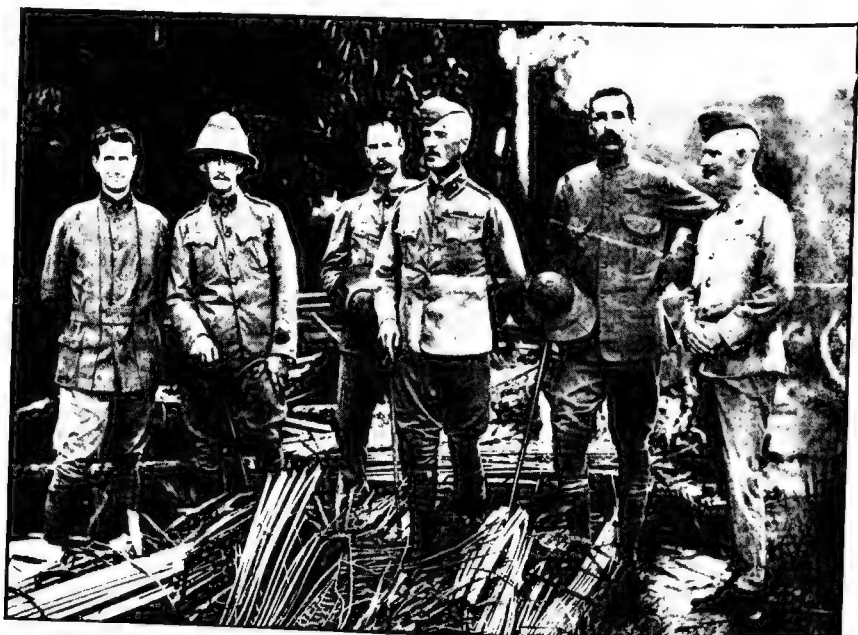
Yachting at Cowes

RACING at Cowes on Monday, when the Royal London Yacht Club held its Regatta, was spoilt by heavy wind and rain. The German Emperor's yacht *Meteor*, which was to have met her old rival *Sybarita*, did not start. On Tuesday, the weather improved, and the sun shone brightly all day. The chief event of the day was the race for the Queen's Cup, open to all yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron. Only four yachts entered for the race, and of these Mr. John Grettton's *Betty* did not start, being weather-bound. The three starters were the German Emperor's *Meteor*, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's *Satanita*, and Captain Towers-Clark's *Lorna*. *Satanita* won easily, almost beating the *Meteor* without the aid of any time allowance. The course was the old Queen's Course from Squadron Castle to Lymington Spit, thence to Bullock buoy and back to the Castle, and the race was sailed in a strong westerly breeze at ten o'clock.



Stansted House, near Emsworth, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilder, one of the oldest and finest mansions on the South coast, was destroyed by fire last Friday. The fire broke out at 8.30 in the evening, and, though every effort was made to save the house, the building was gutted, and the damage is estimated at 200,000. A great deal of the valuable contents of the house were hastily removed on the outbreak of the fire and were thus saved. Our photograph is by W. Scorer, Havant

A HISTORIC HAMPSHIRE MANSION DESTROYED BY FIRE



Mr. H. B. W. Russell
Secretary

Col. Wilcocks

Dr. McDowell,
P.M.O.

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achievement in literary art."—"Sun," "is no possibility of considering this book in any other light than as the most of the equally remarkable book which. It is probably, one of the most subtle ever written by a woman."—"The

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The New Great Seal

THE reasons for making a new Seal within the past year are that the wear and tear of the old one, which was engraved in 1878, have superannuated it, and the task was entrusted to Mr. de Saulles, the Mint engraver. The designs were approved by the Queen, and have now been modelled. The seal on its "principal" side represents the Queen seated on her throne, the arms of which are supported by lions. Her Majesty is crowned, vested in a richly embroidered robe, and habited in the Royal ornaments with the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter. In her right hand she holds the sceptre, her left reposes on the arm of the throne. At her feet is an ornamented cushion embroidered with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, placed on a footstool. The throne is adorned with a wreath of laurel confined by a ribbon. On the Queen's right is a figure of St. George, fully armed, and bearing a lance with pennon. On her left stands St. Michael resting on his sheathed sword. The panels supporting these figures bear respectively the sword and scales of justice surrounded by laurel leaves. The legend round the Seal runs as follows:—"Victoria, Dei Gratia, Britt. Regina, Fid. Def., Ind. Imp."

The Counter-Seal represents the Queen crowned, mounted on her palfrey, and in the Royal mantle. In her right hand she holds the sceptre, in her left the orb. In the field to the right are the Royal arms on a shield, encircled by the Order of the Garter with its motto. Above is a scroll with the words "Dieu et Mon Droit," and on either side are the rose, shamrock, and thistle. Below, in the distance, is the sea, with an ironclad and a sailing vessel, suggesting the naval strength and trade of the United Kingdom, which are further indicated at the base by the presence of a trident, dolphins, and conventional waves, which are continued in the ornament on either side the lower part of the Counter-Seal. The general treatment is that of the Renaissance.

A Medical Officer's Experiences in the South African Campaign.—III.

By S. OSBORN

I HAD been looking after some of the wounded soldiers in the Undenominational School buildings until our own field hospital was ready at Newton camp; but now that it was ready, I moved out there, and commenced my life under canvas, about a couple of miles outside the town of Kimberley. Our camp certainly looked very pretty, with three marquee or tortoise tents all spotlessly white, and with the smaller ones for officers, mess-tents, &c., in orthodox lines. Two flagstaves denoted our position, both carrying a red-cross flag of the Geneva Convention at the top, one with a Union Jack at the bottom, and on the other the American Stars and Stripes. On one of these at dusk were hung two swinging lanterns on a horizontal bar, so that by night the hospital whereabouts could be found—truly a guiding light when returning to the camp late in the evening. We began to take in patients at once, and a little visitor fastened himself upon us in the shape of a fox-terrier dog. He was called "Rations," because he was such a good hand at



OBVERSE



REVERSE

THE NEW GREAT SEAL

eating them, and although only a pup would not let a dog or cat come inside our camping ground. Several had their canine pets, and where these stray dogs from was a wonder. Some dogs are undoubtedly born and if I ever occupy another sphere of life in creature, by the transmigration of souls, I am sure will be in such an animal. When we received orders ready and proceed on the march northwards with Lord M. column, an order appeared that no dogs were to accompany route. Our commanding officer rigidly obeyed this order, many others did not, and poor "Rations" was driven off futile attempts to return to his faithful friends. He attached himself elsewhere, and many days later passed our camp with friend, turning upon us as he passed a withering glance of

Everything was now bustle for our departure to Bosh, about thirty-two miles, and we were not sorry to be on, was a large amount of sickness in Kimberley. I personally attack of the fashionable complaint, the "Modders," so called the Modder River, which, through its muddy water water bodies in it—horses as well as Boers—gave a very large this disease. In the hurry of packing up some one in a ing camp left behind an old Madeira wickerwork arm-chair, the worse for wear, in fact kept together in places by pieces and soda-water bottle wire. But it was "the chair" of throughout the whole campaign, although its beauty was marred by drops of ink, and its life threatened by the re portions to supply requisitioned toothpicks. We believed the chair was really the property of a certain Scotch Professor, on more than one occasion a visitor at our mess, but if he his own property he "discreetly" held his tongue.

Early rising was now for the future to be the order of So as we had to be up at 3 a.m. and my tent was already spent the night on the floor of the ambulance waggon. This up early in the cold mornings, with from half to three-quarters inch of ice on the water in the washing bucket outside one was a bit of a trial. The cold at night time was so great that generally slept in our boots and putties, and in a Jager's sack, with a rug and great-coat over that, we were none too warm. The sleeves of my great-coat touching the ground on either my bed were pinked by the ants kindly eating their edges. It was it, especially just before dawn, that, in addition to my great-coat, I copied the soldiers' example and kept on my knitted wo helmet which I had been wearing all night underneath my sweater, then, as the day got warmer, I gradually shed portions of my attire, because the heat in the middle of the day became intense. We generally managed to get a cup of cocoa over the camp fire when we started, and with a slab of Cadbury's chocolate in our pockets we began the day well. Riding on horseback in the dark and in the cold was anything but agreeable. Luckily my first horse was a colonial one and accustomed to a country like the top of a colander. The ground was full of holes, as well as dotted with innumerable ant-hills, or if not, by boulders of uncertain dimensions. So thickly is the country studded with ant-hills that you might fancy the field had been regularly strewn with what might be manure heaps. They afforded one useful purpose, as with a hole to windward and another at the back they make excellent camp fires, and will keep alight for some time. Many an accident was occasioned by a horse in the dark putting his foot into one of these holes made by the ant-heaps.

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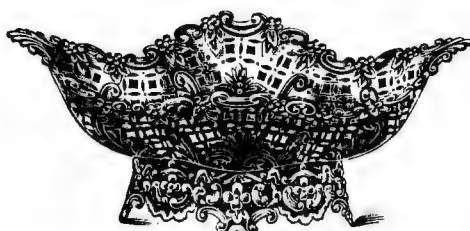


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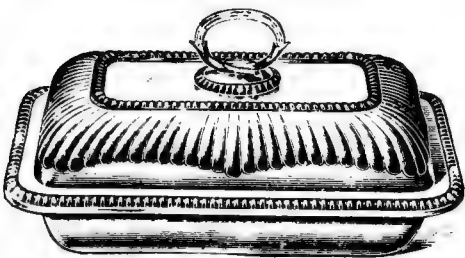
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Sugar Bowl in Fine China, decorated in Gold on Blue, Amber, or Crimson body, with hand-some Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 15 0



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I found it better to walk for the first part of the march with my horse's bridle thrown over my arm, as it also kept me warm. One morning I allowed my soldier servant to lead or ride my horse as he liked best, but I never found him again that day, for the column was a long one, and as I had to march the whole distance I did not do that again. I lent my horse on more than one occasion to a little bugler, who trudged along manfully, but his little legs, I thought, would soon tire. Helping him to mount I found him still in very dilapidated linen khaki, woollen clothing being still unsupplied. His bare knees were showing through his trousers, and I advised the cutting off of the lower parts to make them into football knickers. Not that he or any other Tommy thought of complaining. They knew the warm clothing was somewhere—either at the Cape or at Kimberley, and that now they were on the march there was no chance of their getting it.

Leaving our camping-ground at 5 a.m. we would march until ten, when we would have our breakfasts and outspan the oxen to feed in the middle of the day. At 4 p.m. we would inspan again, and do the remainder of our day's march. This was the usual routine. Sometimes the second half of the march commenced earlier, which we much preferred, as it was far more comfortable to get to our new camping-ground by daylight than to wander about for one's resting-place for the night in the pitch darkness. On more than one occasion, separated from my companions, I thought that I and my old horse would have to spend the night out together on the veldt, but after long hunting about fortune favoured me. The above description is applicable to all our marches, some long, some short, according as to where water was to be found.

As to our food. If any department was well done, it was the work of the Army Service Corps, under Lieutenant Fitzwilliam. The fresh meat was excellent. The Karroo mutton—I think of it even now—could not have been equalled at any West End club. Our larder was further supplied by occasional game shot by some visitor to our mess. One officer, whose shoulder came under my care with very satisfactory results, we had more especially to thank for the several additions he made to our *cuisine*. Fresh milk was often to be got from the Kaffir kraals. A black milkwoman at Boshof used to come regularly every morning. The first morning that she came announced as the lady with the milk she caught a certain member of our party taking his bath in the open, a representation of Pears's "Happy now he's got it." Boiled pumpkin, tasting like vegetable marrow, was the most usual vegetable. Oh! how we longed for a good salad. We had one given to us on one occasion. On another a certain friend—I won't give him away by mentioning his name—got over the wall of a farmhouse garden with me and commandeered some lettuces and carrots, which we subsequently sat on the veldt and scraped and cleaned for dinner. The same kind friend would occasionally ride ahead of the column and purchase poultry and eggs for us from the Boer farms *en route*. The eggs he would bring back inside his helmet, and many an omelette we have to thank him for. The poultry generally occasioned bad language, as the farmers preferred to kill their poultry by cutting off their heads, and when carried on the saddle spoiled many a faultless pair of riding breeches, which, after many hours' cleaning, never repaid the labour spent over them. Jam was consumed pretty largely. We had a ration served out to every soldier three times a week, and very good jam it was. But this was a drop in the ocean to my surgical dresser, who consumed jam

morning, noon, afternoon and night. He had what you would call a healthy boy's growing appetite. The only thing was he never looked any the better for it. When I say that our rations were supplemented by certain cases from Fortnum and Mason, it is hardly necessary for me to say that we had the reputation in camp of having rather a high-class mess. In these cases were put some bottles of acidulated drops, what for I do not know, perhaps for sore throats or dry ones, on the march of which there were plenty. I generally took some of them with me when I visited the Kaffir kraals on Sunday afternoons, to give to the little black unclothed



A handsome Etruscan Vase has been presented to the Earl de la Warr, executed wholly in sterling silver, by the townspeople of Bexhill, on his return from South Africa. The design is practically a replica from the Grecian antique taken from the original now in the British Museum. The arms of the Earl de la Warr are engraved on the vase, which also bears a suitable inscription. The work was entrusted to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., through Mr. J. W. Collbran, their Bexhill agent

PRESENTATION TO EARL DE LA WARR

children. They were, I found, equally appreciated by the female ones of larger growth. One or two mess dinners at which visitors were present remain as pleasant memories, when laughter rang long and loud over the tales of certain friends. One dinner party we had when ladies were present which was far and away the most successful of all. We had cut flowers to decorate the table, and silver candlesticks we represented by empty whiskey bottles with the candles stuck in them, and decorated with ballet skirts cut out of white note paper.

(To be continued)

New Novels

"THE MARRIED MISS BINKS"

THE publishers' (F. V. White and Co.'s) list at the Strange Winter's "The Married Miss Binks" contains sixty-nine novels from the same pen. Under the circumscribed freshness of this, the sixty-ninth, is surprising, and all its being a continuation of an earlier novel, "The Binks," Continuations and sequels are very seldom so successful pieces of intimate family history. We are not sure that they would be very delightful people to know, but they are full to read about; and it is not without compunction that one would find old Binks, milkman by trade and nature, with his innocent pride in his wealth, his harem, Leah, "The finest Jersey in all the world," something were he real. As it is, we are given no more than a glimpse of his wise-hearted wife, or of Anna, the daughter who does them, or of Polly, the daughter who did not—or, indeed, the sons, daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, who has a marked character of his or her own, and never allows the reader to feel for a moment dull. The story is the most interesting. But so well do we get to know those who talk it over, that very sound of their voices, and so well do we like them, that we shall hope for a yet further continuation, even if the milkman is now father-in-law to an Earl.

"URSULA"

K. Douglas King's "Ursula" (John Lane), though set in Russia, has nothing to do with Nihilism, or indeed with anything so simple. Had the members of the Anglo-Russian Alliance, which the story is concerned directed their genius for complications into the conventional political channels, Russia would have become an established Anarchy long ago. To plot at once lucidly and concisely is an exercise rather for a professional *précis* writer than for a reviewer, who has no time between finishing one novel and beginning another, and would render the process still less easy if the startling life, as in the *Comedy of Errors*, between two pairs of brothers, but between two pairs of second cousins—a peculiarity derived, no doubt, from a nurse's having some time previously mislaid two indistinguishable babies, and so started all the trouble. We need hardly say that the curiosity of any normal novel-reader is thoroughly aroused; it is more to the purpose to say that it is maintained until amply satisfied.

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War Notes from the Magazines

IN the *Nineteenth Century* the editor is still steadily developing his idea with regard to forming an association whose duty it will be to see that the lessons of the war are not thrown away. The chief feature of this month's contribution to the question is a definition of the phrase "ordinary business principles." One great idea by Mr. Knowles and his supporters is that the Empire should be run on ordinary business principles, these words comprising "three main and cardinal points of conduct, without due observance of which any business is likely to go astray: (1) Personal responsibility, (2) Payment by results, (3) Promotion by merit." Various eminent people and great organisers of labour give their views in favour of the State becoming more business-like in its methods, and we shall look to see great Government departments reorganised according to the following more detailed explanations:—

By personal responsibility is meant a system and a method by which the business conduct and action of every individual employee can be clearly and directly traced to that individual by the employer, who is thus put into a position to reward or blame, promote or dismiss individual men from the lowest to the highest.

Payment by results means that the whole outcome and condition of a business must be taken into account in settling or resettling from time to time the terms of all contracts, which should seldom be made for long periods but should be subject to revision if necessary as a consequence of frequent balances.

Promotion by merit explains itself, and is the only sufficient guarantee for efficiency and against lethargy and sloth. Such anti-business-like practices as promotion by mere seniority are, of course, condemned by this principle, which ensures a constant flow of energy and competitive force.

VENGEANCE AND AFTERWARDS

In the same review there are several articles on the China question, one of the most interesting of which is Mr. Edward Dicey's warning against this country being allowed to drift into a war of vengeance, which once begun might only end in a division of China, the last thing to be desired by this country, which is over-burdened with territory and only requires trade protection. Mr. Dicey has no fear that we shall consciously or of set purpose enter on a war which, if successful, must end in partition:—

What I am afraid of is, that we may drift into war. I sympathise fully with the indignation felt throughout England at the massacre of our countrymen. I share fully the popular sentiment that this outrage ought not to be left unpunished. I therefore appreciate the risk of our being induced to take part in a punitive expedition which must almost inevitably develop into a general war. It is on this account I have it so much at heart that we should make it known before hand, both to ourselves and to the world, that any English armed intervention in Chinese affairs is strictly limited to the vindication of our outraged honour.

It must be remembered that Mr. Dicey, like all the writers in the reviews, wrote at a time when there seemed no doubt that the ministers had, one and all, perished.

PARTITION?

Mr. Demetrius Boulger, in the *Fortnightly*, takes quite a different

standpoint. "Let us hope that no false sentimentality will hold back the arm of righteous wrath, and that of Peking, as a city, there will be made an end," he writes. "With the flames in which the Forbidden City shall disappear the Manchu dynasty will also pass out of human ken and existence;" and after that he looks forward to an international conference, held in London, and partition.



Captain Capell, who is here shown with his Maxim gun and squad, or part of the squad, is the officer who sent us the sketch of the Prisoners' Camp, from which the double-page illustration in one of our supplements was taken. This gun was captured in the Vryheid disaster. Three out of five men were killed, and the other two were severely wounded in several places. Captain Capell is seen standing up. Sergeant Melville, on the right, was severely wounded and taken to Vryheid Hospital. Captain Rutherford, who is working the gun, was killed, as also was Private Hamilton on the left. Each man was shot down as he took his place as No. 1 on the gun, and finally the gun itself was knocked over by an explosive bullet. Captain Capell, himself wounded, was taken prisoner while trying to get one of the wounded men away on his own horse, and for this he was promoted to the rank of Captain.

CAPTAIN CAPELL WITH HIS MAXIM GUN AND SQUAD

This partition will prove, Mr. Boulger thinks, far easier than is supposed. On England's shoulders a heavy burden will devolve; but, with the loyal aid of Australia and India, she will bear it to a triumphant and satisfactory conclusion." Our share in this arrangement would be the command of the Yangtze from its outlet to Ichang. Russia would take Manchuria and Mongolia, and her objections to Japan taking Corea would be met by concessions in Pe-Chi-Li giving her a solid wedge of territory down to Taku. Japan, of course, would

not be content with Corea, a territory outside China, also, she has long had clear views, she would be entitled to have on the mainland, and, "what is more, England must support her in obtaining it." "Her aspirations cover the province of Foochow, with its admirable port of Foochow, and if America were to intervene in the province of Chekiang there would be a great community of effort in Central China." It is a sweeping and magnificent programme, but our statesmen are likely to see more obstacles than Mr. Boulger in the way of our acquiring further territory.

A BRITISH PROTECTORATE

"Diplomaticus," in the same review, argues plausibly that the present crisis is very largely attributable to our own weakness. It is a mistake to attribute it to the policy of grab which began with the Germans annexing Kiao-Chau, but it was joined with Russia at the moment when a Russian understanding was possible and a German understanding was spoken a timely word when Germany made her descent, "the coast line from the Yellow Sea to Tonkin would still have been unbroken and there would have been no up-rising of the Yellow Terror. Meanwhile, were it not for Japan, we should be completely isolated. The all-important question now is, what is our policy to-day?"

All our former schemes have broken down. Have we a clear idea of the lines on which we are going to act in the future? There is every reason to believe that we are at the beginning of a very serious, perhaps epoch-making crisis. The question of the disposal of an Empire of 400,000,000 may have to be considered by the Powers; and although it is unlikely that any scheme of partition will be entertained or even broached, it is still more unlikely that China will emerge from the present struggle with her old boundaries unchanged. That Russia will annex Manchuria, and that Germany will want some sort of cession of territory in Shantung is almost certain. But these fresh grabbings are tolerated who is to prevent Japan from making a descent on Fokien; and if anybody tries to prevent her what will be our attitude? More important still is the question of the steps we contemplate taking to safeguard Central and Southern China. We dare not annex an inch of Chinese territory, for our military responsibilities are already much heavier than we can bear under our present system. Still less, however, dare we leave the future of Central and Southern China to chance. If the other Powers annex there will be a great deal to be said for a British Protectorate of what remains of China, with its capital established at Nanking. Indeed, I do not see how else we can do unless we are prepared to abdicate our position and abandon all our interests in the Far East.

ANOTHER CONFERENCE

Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, in the *Contemporary*, is scarcely less radical in his schemes. He proposes a conference at which a leading policy shall be agreed upon for the restoration of law and order, and the reformation of China for the benefit of the Chinese. As a counsel of perfection he thinks that the wisest course at the present moment, though mutual jealousy would certainly prevent it being adopted, would be for the European Powers "to give to any single nation who would undertake it, the opportunity of establishing a new administration for the whole of China, and the construction of a comprehensive railway system, on the understanding that the trade of the country was open and free to the whole world."

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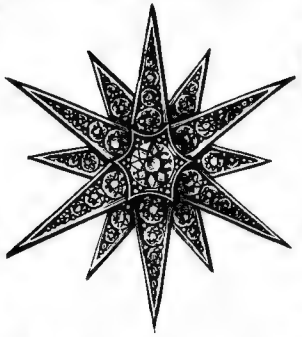
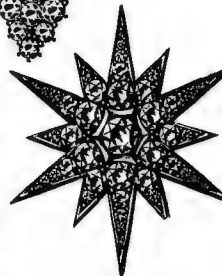
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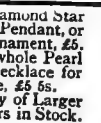
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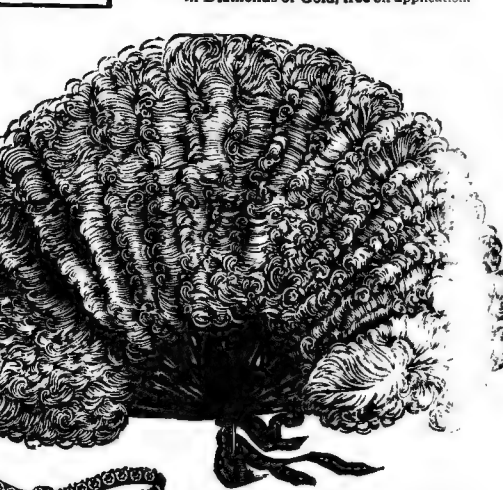
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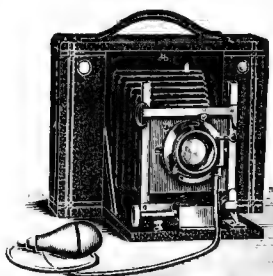
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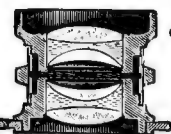
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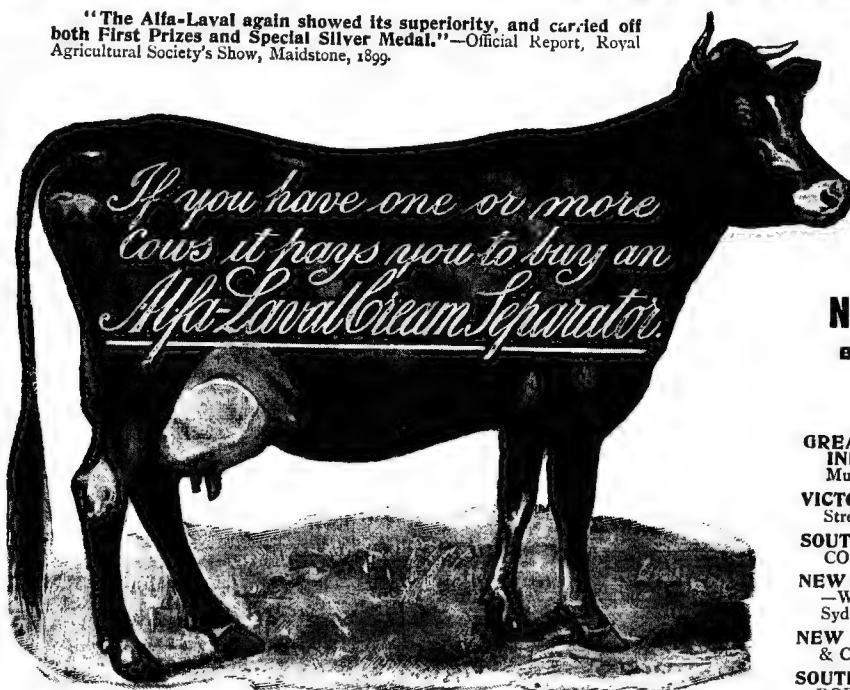
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE July heat proves, on making up the returns from the different stations, to have made its influence felt mostly by reason of a high night temperature, and the mean of the month, 71 degrees, has not been equalled for a great many years. The maximum, 92 degrees in the shade, at several stations, including London, and 93 degrees at Cambridge and three other places, was not so high as in July, 1891, when 96 degrees was registered both at London and at Derby. The sunshine reached the extraordinary total of 251 hours at several places, and 240 hours bright sunshine was recorded in the metropolis. The rainfall was 1.25 inches, or rather less than half

the mean. Half an inch fell in a single thunderstorm, that of July 27, but this was not at all an ordinary electrical outburst. It extended all over England and France, and may more accurately be called a rainburst often accompanied by electrical disturbance as well. The frequent showers of the first week of August have not been wholly unwelcome, but farmers abominate wind in harvest, and the damage done by the gales has been most unfortunate.

A LONDON AGRICULTURAL SHOW

The daily press is possibly "too previous" in assuming that the Royal Agricultural Society will in future meet yearly for its show at a spot near London. This is the final recommendation of the Council by forty votes to twelve, but the members number 11,000, and on a point of this sort the individual member can form as good

an opinion as the member of the Council. The opposite leading member of the Board of Agriculture reflects, with government opinion, and the abandonment of a voluntary of the educational work done by a national show visiting county in turn would throw on the Government the task of doing this work. The London show would have three great advantages: cheap and abundant lodgings for show visitors, evening amusements during the show week, and convenience generally for the increasing number of buyers from the Continent. The "evenings" at places like Carlisle and Shrewsbury, when after show closed there was absolutely nothing for the visitors to do, will be remembered by many, while the lodging-house harpies largely provoked the present crisis by their charges of ten shillings for a bed.

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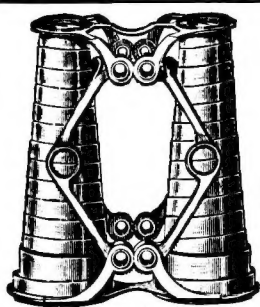
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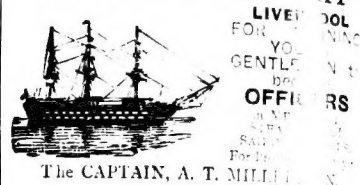
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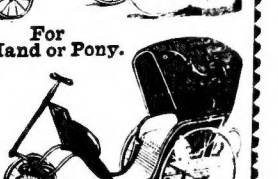
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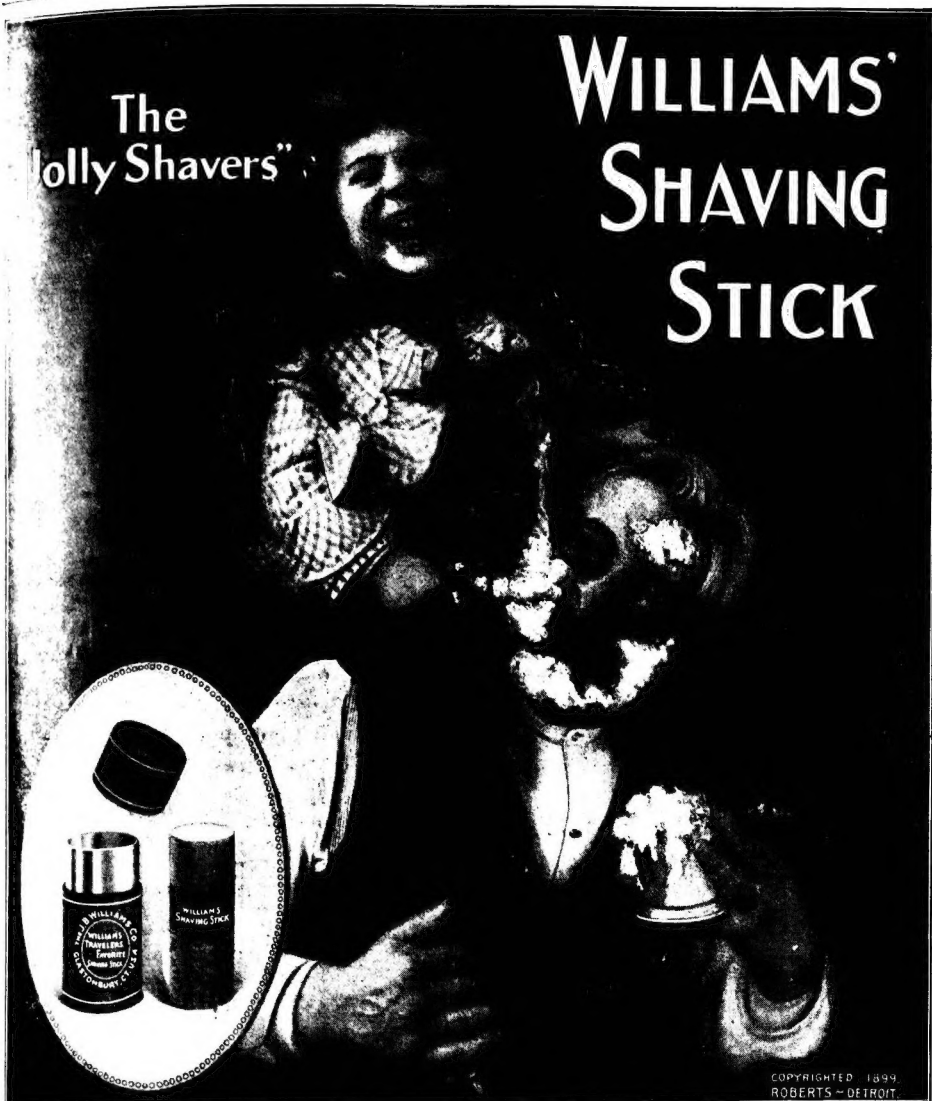


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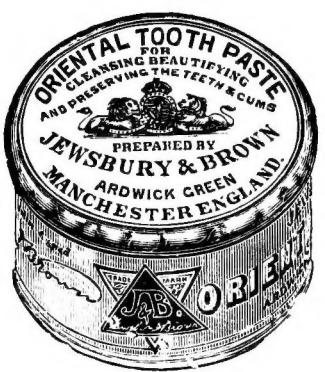
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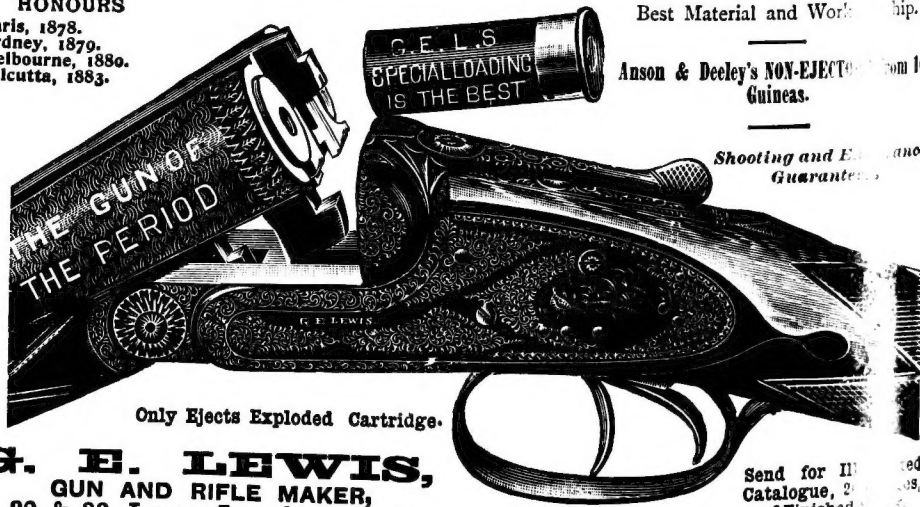
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